Chronicles

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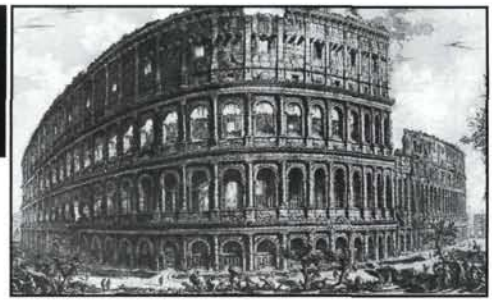

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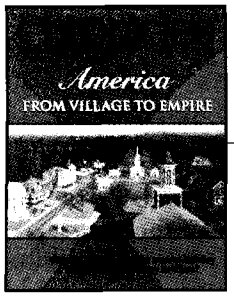

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Thomas Fleming

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RELIGION EDITOR
Harold O.J. Brown

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Cindy Link

PUBLISHER
The Rockford Institute

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Helpful Prescriptions

B.K. Eakman ("Anything That Ails You," *Views*, August) laments the use of psychotropic medications; as is so often the case, however, she is not the one who deals with the suffering patient. Though the patient might have erroneously bought into the notion that she can and should be happy, this is irrelevant: The patient still suffers, and it is the doctor who is called upon to relieve that suffering.

The prescription pad is usually not what the physician turns to first. What most often happens is that the patient has presented the doctor with symptoms; a thorough work-up has been done to exclude other disorders, and the diagnosis of depression, anxiety, a combination of both (or another psychiatric diagnosis) is ultimately made. It is also true that many people just have tough lives: a woman divorced with two children, a poor education, and a husband who is a deadbeat; a woman who has just lost her job; a woman who has a son in Iraq and cannot sleep at night from worrying about his safety. It is the physician who deals with these problems, and, believe me, to tell the patient just to suck it up is cruel and stupid—because most people cannot just suck it up. So when that referral to a sleep clinic does not bring sleep, and when biofeedback and all those other New Age wonders fail, the patient must be medicated—not because the doctor is lazy but because the patient is still in anguish.

It would be better if Mrs. Eakman had some answers to offer, instead of useless criticisms. Perhaps she should spend a few months seeing patients before blessing us with her observations.

—*John Dente, M.D.*
Wilmington DE

Mrs. Eakman Replies:

It is not so much a question of women (or men, for that matter) "buying into" the notion that they should be happy but doctors buying into the notion that they can actually do something about depression, among other mental problems. For starters, I refer you to a recent Glaxo (Pharmaceutical Company) release regarding studies of the effects of Paxil on youth.

Reuters News Service reports that: "GlaxoSmithKline Plc, responding to a lawsuit claiming it suppressed negative data about its antidepressant Paxil, published results of trials showing the drug is broadly ineffective in children and adolescents and could increase risks of suicidal behavior.

"The British drug-maker released data from nine pediatric trials on its Web Site after New York Attorney General Eliot Spitzer filed suit two weeks ago accusing Glaxo of fraudulently suppressing the information."

According to *thememoryhole.org*, "The results in a nutshell: Paxil had as much effect on depression as a sugar pill. Though no one committed suicide during the trials, actions related to suicide showed up significantly more often in patients taking Paxil than in those taking a placebo.

"All nine studies (complete except for the appendixes) have been posted on Glaxo's site."

And, according to an August 25 article in the *Wall Street Journal*, the antidepressant Effexor has the highest association of suicidal thoughts or actions, suggesting an already-admitted finding by British researchers that other antidepressants (notably Paxil and Prozac) have similar side effects.

As a matter of fact, I am quite familiar with patients suffering from depression as well as other mental illnesses. My conclusion is that the medical and psychiatric professions are nowhere near advanced enough to solve, or even to alleviate, most of these problems. Every compassionate person wishes it were different, of course. At present, however, the "cure" is often worse than the "illness"—if, indeed, mental conditions such as depression can even be classified as "illnesses" rather than phenomena. There simply is no pill or medication for life's trials, tribulations, and even outright horrors—all of which can get even the best of us down. At present, we are still left with such mundane responses as character and fortitude.

On Decter's Philly

Samuel Francis is to be congratulated for

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having written one of the best essays on the American conservative establishment ("Queen of the Damned," *Principalities & Powers*, August) that I have seen. Dr. Francis correctly notes that the appointment of Midge Decter as president of the Philadelphia Society, a once stimulating conservative debating club, points to its obsolescence as a forum for genuine discussion among conservatives. The election of this termagant by unidentified kingmakers signals the breakdown of any coherent understanding among the society's leaders of what it means to be a conservative. Dr. Francis states the useful obvious when he says that there is no way in which Decter can be considered a "conservative," as opposed to a global democratic activist or Jewish nationalist resident in the United States. And there is no reason to think that she was appointed to her present eminence because of her openness to debate. The Stalinist adherence to party lines that she and other neocon commissars have maintained over the organizations that have fallen under their jackboots should indicate what she intends for the Philadelphia Society. I should say, what she *might* intend if such discipline were necessary and if the group in question had not already been preparing for years for the latest neocon takeover.

Decter's baseless attack on one of the society's founders, Russell Kirk, as an "antisemite" (neocon parlance for "We don't like you") should suggest, as Sam properly observes, the narrow limits of what she takes to be open discussion. Like Sam, I, too, was at the offending speech by Dr. Kirk and could find nothing in his amusing remarks to justify the later storm of abuse. Clearly, a speech like Russell's will be disallowed under the new dispensation.

A few years ago, Dr. Francis and I were told that the neocons no longer felt welcome in the Philadelphia Society and that they had taken themselves and their canned speeches elsewhere. "Until they decide to come back and take everything over," Dr. Francis retorted at the time. What my friend did not mention (because one could not know it then) is that, when the conquering armies came back, they would no longer call themselves neoconservatives. Decter is no longer a "neoconservative" because she and her buds have decided to call themselves something else, a decision that Sam greeted with the appropriate derision. But what neither of us can doubt is that the slaves she was addressing will respond, like the captives of p.c. who change their vocabulary on order, by ceasing to talk about neoconservatives. Since the term has been judged to be "antisemitic," it might be necessary to call the hegemons whatever the hell they want to be called, until they change their minds.

—Paul Gottfried
Elizabethtown, PA

Sam Francis always hits his targets hard, and with that I have no objection. But I think he gets the mission of the Philadelphia Society a bit wrong. It was never meant to be a bastion of the Old Right. Since 1964, it has tried to be the uniting arm of the conservative body. It is still the only right-wing organization that will invite paleocons, neocons, liberocons, and sometimes even weirdocons to its meetings for civil discussions. It's a good group, and Bill Campbell runs it well. I wish Sam hadn't trained his howitzers on his friends as well as his enemies.

—John Willson
Hillsdale, MI

On Hope for the Future

My name is Anne Bowie, and I am a 15-year-old freshman in high school. I am the sports editor of my school newspaper, the *Hawk Eye*, but I also enjoy writing movie reviews from time to time. As a descendant of Jim Bowie, who died at the Alamo, I am deeply interested in this portion of our history, which Dr. Roger McGrath covers so well in his column, *Sins of Omission*.

When I heard that Hollywood was making a new movie about the Alamo, I was excited, but my hopes for an historically accurate depiction of the heroic stand were dashed. Of course, I wasn't expecting Hollywood to portray American history in a positive light. I knew that John Lee Hancock and his screenwriters had gotten their sources from a fraudulent "diary." In retaliation, I wrote a review of the film for our paper.

Unfortunately, as Dr. McGrath knows, the theme "evil white man *versus* noble red man" is prevalent not only in Hollywood but in history classes of all levels of the educational system in America today, including my own. The next time my U.S. history teacher tells us about the "peaceful Native Americans who are at one with nature," I intend to pull out Dr. McGrath's column and read the part about the Red Stick Creeks "grabbing small children by the ankles and, swinging them through the air, dashing their brains out on logs," and also the part about how the Red Stick Creeks "split open the bellies of pregnant women and, while the women were still alive, ripped out their fetuses" at Ft. Mims. My teacher will not be able to dismiss me as some ignorant teenager who believes whatever she reads in extremist magazines because he himself has said that I have "the sharpest mind in the class as well as the highest grade."

—Anne Bowie
Mechanicsville, VA

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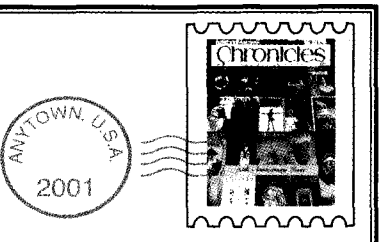

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by Samuel Francis

Smearpolitik

After several weeks of fulminating about John Kerry's war record and the medals he presumably awarded himself, at least some veterans of the Stupid Party eventually got down to the real point about the man who wants to replace George W. Bush in the White House. Amazingly, it was none other than the forgotten Robert Dole—himself something of a war hero from World War II and whose wounds were far more serious than any Mr. Kerry has even claimed to have suffered—who seems to have been the only man in the GOP to grasp that point.

"One day he's saying that we were shooting civilians, cutting off their ears, cutting off their heads, throwing away his medals or his ribbons," the once-and-never-again presidential candidate remarked in an interview on CNN's *Late Edition* in August. "The next day he's standing there, 'I want to be president because I'm a Vietnam veteran.' Maybe he should apologize to all the other 2.5 million veterans who served. He wasn't the only one in Vietnam."

The point of the ugly little business about John Kerry's war record is not whether he did or did not really do some courageous things in Vietnam or did or did not deserve the medals the Navy gave him. Those who claim he didn't have not proved their case, despite the bottomless eagerness of the conservative establishment to believe them. Even if the Swift Boat allegations were settled one way or another, it would have little to do with whether the Massachusetts senator should be president. Just as predictable as conservatives' embrace of the allegations against Mr. Kerry, his supporters leapt to resurrect the still-unsettled questions about President Bush's own military record (or lack thereof).

Such is the level of presidential politics these days, that this sort of trivia is all the contenders and their surrogates can think of to say about each other. And how can they do otherwise? On the major issues of the day, the two candidates are barely distinguishable. Each one simply grunts the appropriate noises that can be anticipated to rally his own legions and avoids violating any of the ever-multiplying constraints on what can be said publicly. Those constraints apparently do not extend to prohibiting the insinuation of the most vicious charges about each other's characters.

Nevertheless, the ethics of smearing your opponent is not the point either. Smears have a long and not especially distinguished history in American politics, reaching back at least as far as Joseph Calender's lies about Thomas Jefferson and the Hemings woman. More recently, the liberals who spent a good part of the summer whining and whimpering about Republican demagoguery over the Kerry war record are themselves the first to lob whatever vagaries they can concoct about conservative "links" to "racism," "extremism," "Nazism," *etc.* The current crop is only one generation removed from the one that pioneered the modern art of Smearpolitik by defaming every figure on the American right from Robert A. Taft through Barry Goldwater down to Ronald Reagan and Pat Buchanan. So let's hear no more sermons from them about "demagoguery."

What Mr. Dole had to say about the Kerry affair was, at least in the remarks quoted above, distinctly different from smear. It had nothing to do with what may or may not have "really" happened nearly 40 years ago halfway around the planet but with what Mr. Kerry is known to have said and done. After he won his medals, Mr. Kerry came back to this country, made a big splash out of throwing them away, and proceeded to denounce his former comrades, his country, and the war in which it was then involved. Political ads citing his testimony before the U.S. Senate make what he said back then perfectly clear.

"They told the stories that at times they had personally raped, cut off ears, cut off heads," he testified, speaking of Vietnam veterans who had publicly claimed they had committed these acts. Apparently, there was never any thought on his part of bringing legal charges or working for an actual investigation of these crimes by the government. Frankly, most who hurled such charges were just interested in grandstanding, for personal or political reasons. I have known dozens of guys who made such claims at the time. Some had actually been in Vietnam, or at least in one military service or another.

Admittedly, Mr. Kerry was a lot younger then, and there is evidence he was by no means as nutty as some of his buddies in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. He resigned from it after a substantial section began considering committing a few more atrocities against Americans. But, just as the point is not whether he really deserved his medals, so it is also not that he once said silly things.

The point is that he cannot now believably renounce what he said and did in 1971 concerning his own comrades and his own country and, at the same time, boast of his heroism in the same war and run for president on that record. But that is precisely what he is trying to do. The controversy about the war in Iraq, and Mr. Kerry's criticisms of it, seems to demand that the Democrats wrap themselves in the mantle of patriotism at least as much as the Republicans always do. In 1971, it was politically convenient for Mr. Kerry to renounce that mantle. Today, it is politically convenient to don it.

And that is what tells us all we need to know about John Kerry. It is as good a reason as any why he should not be president. The real question for voters who agree with that reason is this: Can they come up with a good reason why George W. Bush should be president at all? c

SAMUEL FRANCIS Principalities & Powers

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JIM MCGREEVEY, who will be resigning as New Jersey's governor on November 15, cares deeply for the people of the Garden State. (No, not the way you're thinking!) Despite the admission on August 12 that he engaged in an extramarital relationship with a homosexual Israeli with possible ties to the Mossad—whom, early in his administration, he had attempted to hire as the state's homeland-security advisor—the Luv Gov recently told the *New York Times* that "having accepted responsibility for my action by proffering my resignation didn't necessarily mean that I was required to abandon midstream important initiatives that this administration holds dear."

In that case, Jim, the citizens of Connecticut should sue their sleazy Republican ex-governor, John Rowland, for abandonment. Rowland, who had a penchant for accepting gifts from contractors doing business with Hartford, announced *his* resignation on June 21, and, by July 1, Republican Lt. Gov. Jodi Rell was sworn in as acting governor.

Among the "important initiatives" that McGreevey wishes to fulfill is the protection of the public from terrorism, which he originally had planned to leave in the hands of an apparently unqualified foreign national with whom he engaged in deviant and adulterous sex.

McGreevey's self-outing was, perhaps, the most disgraceful speech and piece of political theater in American history, and, for a country with our rogues' gallery of unsavory pols, that's saying something. There he was, with his wife, mother, and Marine Corps father by his side, smiling and gesticulating, as he delivered a focus-group-driven civics lesson, concocted the night before with the help of consultants and other riffraff, after his inner circle learned that the jilted boyfriend had intentions of outing the governor.

Most hacks caught with their pants down would have sent a typed one-pager over to the AP and then slinked away, but, since homosexual activity now accords one instant victim status in our indulgent society, why not play it to the hilt?

McGreevey, conscience now clear—or less soiled—writes that "going forward" he can avoid "the pitfalls of a divided self or secret truths." *Secret truths?* That is the artful new phrase for living a lie, which he has now managed to do through two faux marriages.

The biggest secret truth is that his resignation before September 3 would have made a special election necessary this November, possibly putting New Jersey into play in the presidential race, where John Kerry currently holds a comfortable lead over George W. Bush.

A previous manifestation of unseemly maneuvering by the Democrats in New Jersey was to unhorse the light-fingered Bob Torricelli from his Senate reelection campaign in favor of the senescent ex-senator Frank Lautenberg to preserve that seat in 2002. The strategy worked, with the leftist state supreme court ruling that state election law really didn't say what it said in plain English about substituting candidates just before an election.

The political machine kingpin of Hudson County decades past, Frank Hague, would have relished all these dirty dealings in the state where he once plied his trade, but, if he were alive today, in the privacy of the club back room, he would probably call McGreevey something other than the p.c. "gay." Some things do change.

—*James Moses*

ALAN KEYES, like the proverbial white knight, has ridden across the country from his castle in Maryland to save the Republican Party of Illinois from itself—at least, that's the way his supporters would like to portray Keyes' run for junior U.S. senator from Illinois. More likely, this ridiculous whirlwind campaign—the result of the convergence of Republican desperation in the wake of Democratic senate nominee Barack Obama's well-received speech at the Democratic National Convention and Keyes' seemingly limitless personal ambition—will drive the final nail into the coffin of the state party, the only inmate on Death Row whose sentence was not commuted by corrupt former Republican governor George Ryan. (In Illinois, "corrupt Republican governor" is just short of redundant. So, for that matter, is "corrupt Republican.")

The story begins in the party faithful's decision to nominate "conservative" Jack Ryan in the spring primary. In 1999, Ryan went through a bitter divorce from *Star Trek: Voyager* star Jeri Ryan. During the primary campaign, he repeatedly claimed that there was nothing in the sealed divorce proceedings that would embarrass the party, but, after he won the nomination, the *Chicago Tribune* successfully petitioned to have the documents unsealed. Inside was a sordid tale of Ryan's obsession with performing public sex acts with his wife. Within two days, his support among the party leadership had dissolved, and Ryan—demonstrating the failure of his Catholic schooling by maintaining that nothing in the documents showed that he had broken any of the Ten Commandments—gave up the nomination.

In any other state, the nomination would probably have fallen to the man who placed second in the primary—in this case, dairy magnate Jim Oberweis. But Oberweis's strong showing in the primary was the result of a series of campaign ads criticizing President Bush's amnesty plan for illegal aliens. Accused by U.S. Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert (R-IL) of "demagoging" the issue, Oberweis was not even considered to fill Jack Ryan's shoes.

Still, in a state of 12.5 million people, fairly evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats, the party should have been able to find a resident of Illinois to answer the call. But when Democratic state senator Obama, the son of a Kenyan father and a white mother from Kansas, received national accolades for his DNC speech, the race was on to find a black candidate, preferably one "blacker" than the "half-white" Obama (as Republican hacks began referring to him privately, and websites such as *FrontPageMag.com* began calling him publicly). In the Land of Lincoln, however, black Republicans remain in short supply.

And so Rockford's own state senator, Dave Syverson, rode to the rescue, floating Keyes' name. Asked about the possibility, Keyes responded, "I do not take it for granted that it's a good idea to parachute into a state and go into a Senate race. As a matter of principle, I don't think it's a good idea." Within days, however, the party offered the nomination to Keyes, and a few days later, Keyes—still a resident of Maryland—accepted it.

A man with any pride might have been embarrassed when clips surfaced of Keyes,

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on Fox News in 2000, criticizing Hillary Clinton as a carpetbagger for moving to New York to pursue her senatorial ambitions. "I deeply resent," Keyes had said, "the destruction of federalism represented by Hillary Clinton's willingness to go into a state she doesn't even live in and pretend to represent people there. So, I certainly wouldn't imitate it." Questioned by Fox's Alan Colmes after accepting the Illinois nomination, Keyes—a former student of Straussian gurus Allan Bloom (his favorite teacher at Columbia, with whom he studied privately for a year in Paris) and Harvey Mansfield, Jr. (Keyes was Bill Kristol's roommate when he studied under Mansfield at Harvard)—responded in true Straussian fashion, revealing the esoteric meaning behind his exoteric remarks: "Well, I was criticizing Hillary for not having proper respect for state sovereignty, for the principle of the integrity of representation in the states . . . Second, there's a deep issue of principle that divides me from Barack Obama. The great principles of our national integrity are at stake, and even Lincoln, the great statesman from Illinois, made it clear: when those principles are threatened, state sovereignty has to give way to our defense of the principles of our national union."

In other words, the destruction of federalism is just fine—indeed, necessary—when questions of "principle" are at stake. And what are those principles? Simply put, what Professor Claes G. Ryn of the Catholic University of America has called the "new Jacobinism"—warmed-over Enlightenment universalism, the very opposite of conservatism, usually couched in the rhetoric of the Declaration of Independence. (Indeed, since his last failed run for the Republican presidential nomination, Keyes has been chairman of the non-profit Declaration Foundation, based in Washington, D.C.) In this case, the particular principle is the "right to life"—Obama is a proponent not simply of abortion but of "live-birth" abortion, in which parents and doctor could choose to allow a child "accidentally" born during an abortion to die. Keyes, predictably, compared Obama's support for this heinous act to support for slavery, not so subtly emphasizing his own darker pigmentation.

While claiming that race is a "non-issue" in the campaign, Keyes has repeatedly brought the topic up, as he did in previous Senate runs in Maryland (during his second run, he accused the National Republican Senatorial Committee of racism when, a month before the election, party leaders chose not to dump more money into a race that Keyes was losing two to one) and in his last campaign for the Republican presidential nomination, when he chained himself to the door of an auditorium to protest his exclusion from a debate (he was polling in the low single digits at the time). This time around, he's added a novel reparations scheme to his deck of race cards: Blacks who can prove that they are descendants of slaves (like Keyes, but not Obama) "would be exempt from paying taxes for several generations."

Praised by commentators who should know better for this "radical" and "free market" scheme, Keyes—with his embrace of reparations, his obsession with race (as we go to press, Chicago's Channel 5, an NBC affiliate, is reporting that Keyes has thrown a fit about Obama's silly remark that he "wants to win big to give Keyes a spanking" and has "suggested [the word] might be related to slavery and insulting to African-Americans"), and his generally erratic behavior (in a radio interview at the Republican National Convention, he said that "Christ would not vote for Barack Obama")—has convinced some sitting Republican officeholders that his presence on the ticket may depress Republican voter turnout in November and put their seats at risk.

That is a risk, however, that Alan Keyes is willing to take. After all, he has no stake in this race other than self-promotion. Indeed, in a recent interview, he seemed to confuse himself with Hillary Clinton: "'She was imposing herself on the state of Illinois,' Keyes said, his arm around host Alan Nathan's chair, his suit jacket buttons undone. Nathan jumped in to quickly [*sic*] correct him: 'New York,' he said."

An honest mistake.

—*Scott P. Richert*

THE WAR ON FAT rages on, and—wouldn't you know it—one of the leaders in the crusade against fat is, well, on the heavy side. Jacob Sullum of *Reason* writes that Kelly Brownell, "a Twinkie tax advocate who never tires of comparing Ronald McDonald to Joe Camel," actually sports "an extra chin and an ample gut." Apparently, Brownell has seen the enemy, and it is him.

But, he would presumably add, it's not his fault. People can't help overeating. They are victims of evil profit-minded fast-food restaurants and soft-drink manufacturers. Even Health and Human Services Secretary Tommy Thompson has joined the ranks of the victims, announcing that Medicare will treat obesity as a disease, fully covered by the government's health "insurance" program for the elderly.

There was a time when Americans would have dismissed such victim-mongering with a laugh. Today, however, someone somewhere—preferably with a deep pocket—can always be blamed. Observes John Banzhaf, who believes in social engineering *via* lawsuit: "Never underestimate the tenacity of a lawyer working on a contingency fee."

Equally bad, however, is how government increasingly is captured by the social engineers of all stripes, including the Health Nazis. Surgeon General Richard Carmona, a minor functionary in the normal course of events, announced last year: "I refuse to accept the spread of obesity." He advocated a "prevention agenda," which would require "all of us working together to the solution to this growing problem."

This, of course, means government lawsuits, expenditures, and regulations. Banzhaf advocates "state lawsuits against fast food companies for the public costs of obesity, just as states were so successful in suing tobacco companies for the public costs of smoking."

Some states already tax snacks more heavily than other foods and manipulate school menus and student access to vending machines. Brownell, Banzhaf, and others advocate fat taxes, with the proceeds used to fund government propaganda campaigns on behalf of good nutrition. Brownell even wants to subsidize fruits and vegetables to "improve public health." Yet, as Sullum points out, healthy foods already are much cheaper than fat-filled snacks.

Federal outlays will soon mount in light of Secretary Thompson's announcement. The obesity lobby—yes, there is such a thing—was naturally pleased. Said Richard Atkinson, president of the American Obesity Association: "The decision by Medicare recognizes that obesity is not simply a cosmetic issue."

Once the money flows, so will the rules. Helen Darling, president of the National Business Group on Health, warns: "Unfortunately, regulators love to put in mandates they are not stuck paying for."

Nor will the paternalists stop there.

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Brownell and Marion Nestle of New York University want Uncle Sam to use his benevolent control of the electronic media to mandate that stations carry free ads promoting healthy foods and discouraging bad eating habits. They would also ban ads directed at kids.

Americans are heavier than they used to be. The fundamental issue, though, is individual responsibility. Burger King does not corral customers at gunpoint. Big Macs do not leap into the mouths of unwilling consumers. Mars has yet to force-feed anyone M&M's.

No matter. Brownell and Katherine Battle Horgen insist that "people have biological vulnerabilities that promote overeating when large portions are available, a strong desire for value, and the capacity to be persuaded by advertising."

If people are not responsible for their own nutritional and exercise decisions, then who is? The local pizza parlor? The Godiva chocolate shop? The ice-cream man using a happy jingle to attract unwary kids as he drives through suburban neighborhoods?

Surely, supermarkets must share the blame. After all, they are not doing enough to get people to choose celery over cheesecake. And what of a wife who cooks up fatty, high-calorie dishes?

As for preventing people from exercising, television is a major culprit—as is Hollywood, for producing movies that people want to watch. So are the manufacturers of comfortable furniture.

Then, there is the auto industry. Without cars, we would have to walk more. The real question, presumably, is: Is anyone or anything *not* to blame for the growing epidemic of obesity? Sue or regulate them all!

It is ironic that a fatty like Brownell is seeking to grab control of the state to make everyone else thin. His paternalistic power grab reflects the cult of victimology: No one is responsible for anything, including himself.

There have always been a certain number of village idiots in American society. In the past, most were harmless. Now, however, they end up in positions of influence in the regulatory state. And they organize misguided wars on everything, from Iraq to obesity.

—*Doug Bandow*

THE OLYMPICS have come and gone, having returned to Athens for the 28th installment of the modern games. Besides being an occasion for the inglorious introduction of women's wrestling, the defiant proclamation of Soviet superiority by a defeated Russian gymnast, and the (welcome) assurance that the overpaid NBA players will no longer be referred to as the "Dream Team," they served as a fine kickoff for what President George W. Bush, during his speech at the Republican National Convention, dubbed the "Liberty Century." And could there be a better symbol of the Liberty Century, thought the President, than the Iraqi soccer team, which, after unexpectedly advancing to the quarter-finals, became the Cinderella story of the games? Not wanting to miss an opportunity to demonstrate the meaning of the RNC placard "LET FREEDOM REIGN," the President's p.r. people created a campaign ad featuring slow-mo images of courageous Iraqi footballers heading, dribbling, and slide-tackling (with some Afghanis thrown in for good measure) together with the words, "At this Olympics there will be two more free nations—and two fewer terrorist regimes."

Yet the newly "free" Iraqis were not pleased. Midfielder Salih Sadir told *Sports Illustrated*'s Grant Wall: "Iraq as a team does not want Mr. Bush to use us for the presidential campaign . . . He can find another way to advertise himself."

Footballer Ahmed Manajid was more to the point: "How will he meet his god having slaughtered so many men and women? . . . He has committed so many crimes." At least the Olympics are keeping "free" Iraqis from fighting coalition forces: "In fact," Mr. Wall reports, "if [Manajid] were not playing soccer he would 'for sure' be fighting as part of the resistance."

Manajid rejects the terrorist label that has been placed on resistance fighters. "I want to defend my home. If a stranger invades America and the people resist, does that mean they are terrorists?" He has good cause to wonder: His cousin Omar was gunned down by coalition forces while defending his hometown of Fallujah.

The Bush campaign reacted to the Iraqi soccer team's objections with its usual cockeyed optimism: According to campaign spokesman Scott Stanzel, "The ad simply talks about President Bush's optimism and how democracy has triumphed over terror. . . . Twenty-five million people in Iraq are free as a result of the actions of the coalition."

What sort of "freedom" is this, wonders Iraqi soccer coach Adnan Hamad, *whose m.o. is "destroy everything"*? "What is freedom when I go to the [national] stadium and there are shootings on the road?"

—*Aaron D. Wolf*

OBITER DICTA: Our first poet this month is **Paul Lake**, who teaches English and creative writing at Arkansas Tech. His second collection of poetry, *Walking Backward*, was released by Story Line Press. The author of *The Measured Word: Essays on Poetry and Science* (University of Georgia Press), Mr. Lake has published poems in the *Formalist*, the *Hudson Review*, the *Sewanee Review*, and the *Paris Review*, among others.

Our second poet is **Sally Cook**, an artist from Silver Creek, New York. Miss Cook's paintings have been exhibited across the United States for over 40 years in such venues as the Albright/Knox Museum, the Bronx Museum, the NYU Student Center, and the World Trade Center. Some of her works belong to the William H. Littlefield Collection at Harvard University and the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, as well as several other public and private collections nationwide.

Our cover artist is **David Merrill**, who has been highly acclaimed since being judged the Outstanding Young New England Artist more than three decades ago. Born in Monroe, Connecticut, and still living "next door" in Sandy Hook, Merrill has devoted his talents to recording the architecture of New England—from saltbox houses with picket fences to coastal lighthouses—to preserve a precious collection of Americana for posterity.

Old Monroe Center, the panoramic painting on the cover, was commissioned by Rockford Institute chairman **David Hartman** who grew up in Monroe playing sports with Merrill—including football scrimmages on the same town green that the subjects of the scene surround.

Our interior art is provided by our art director, **H. Ward Sterett** of Roscoe, Illinois, and **Elizabeth Wolf** of Chicago. Mr. Sterett received his B.F.A. from the University of Colorado and his M.F.A. from Northern Illinois University, and he attended the L'Abri Fellowship, where he studied the effect of Christianity on art. He currently works as a sculptor, painter, and printmaker in Roscoe, of which he is village president. Miss Wolf received her B.F.A. from the School of Art at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

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by Thomas Fleming

The Call of Blood

We Americans pride ourselves on being a nation of rootless individuals, cut off from the history that chained Old Europe to a cycle of wars and revolutions and bound to one another not by ties of blood and soil but only by the bloodless abstraction of self-evident truths. Rooted in no one place, our corporate aristocrats move as frequently as Roman military officers or Methodist preachers, and, while we may take pride in our own wealth and accomplishments, we are often inclined to minimize the legacy we have received from our ancestors. I remember a *New Yorker* cartoon I saw as a child. Two men are sitting at their club and looking at a third. "There's young Smedley, a self-made man. Started with only two million and look where he is today." Those were the days when two million bucks were two million bucks.

And yet many of these same Americans do make an effort to stay in touch with their relatives and with the places associated with their family past. My wife's mother, the widow of a transient military officer, still attends reunions of his fighter wing stationed in England during World War II and makes frequent sentimental journeys to the home of her childhood, the places where she bore and reared her children, and the European lands from which her ancestors emigrated. Her sister has been working for years on a massive genealogy, and this devotion to family history is hardly unusual. One of my cousins married a few years ago, and her new father-in-law spends much of his time probing the ancestral roots of the grandchild that has given new life to his declining years.

I grew up hearing a great many stories about my paternal ancestors but never took the trouble to check anything out until all the relatives who might have helped me were dead. With the help of a kind man whom I found by accident on the internet—his family intersects with mine in the early 20th century—I was able to trace the Flemings back to Castle Island in County Kerry, Ireland, whither they had apparently immigrated from Scotland in the middle of the 18th century. Because of their Scottish origin and because my father's mother was of Scottish extraction (the family settled in Prince Edward Island after fleeing the Revolution in North Carolina) from the Carolinas, I have always thought of myself as more Scottish than Irish.

Although my father never accepted it, the standard view is that the Flemings were originally from Flanders, and many of them accompanied William the Bastard on his invasion of England. I therefore take a justifiable pride in the recent victory of the Vlaams Blok, which gained 24.1 percent of the vote in the Flemish regional elections held on June 13. Not only is the Vlaams Blok the most important Flemish nationalist party, it is a conservative party, and its victory makes it the largest party not only in Flanders but perhaps in all of Belgium, where political parties are as common as brussel sprouts. Inevitably, the mainstream parties—Socialists, Christian Democrats, and Greens—have formed a coalition sworn to keep members of the Blok out of government, a tactic described by Vlaams Blok leaders as the "*cordon sanitaire*."

The principal beneficiaries of this policy, as Joshua Livestro explained in the *Wall Street Journal Europe* (June 16), have been the Socialists, who can only hold power, in their moderately conservative country, by freezing out the VB. Like other nationalist parties in Europe, the Vlaams Blok would like to slow the tidal wave of Third World immigrants that is washing over Europe. In Bruges (or Brugge, as it is known in Flemish), which I visited this past August, immigrants seemed to outnumber even the mob of tourists, who are attracted by the great beauty of the city. (Even with the tourists, Bruges is worth seeing.)

Their opposition to immigration is only one of the VB's sins against the New World Order. Some leftists are equally disturbed by the party's defense of traditional morality. Writing in *De Standard*, Tom Naegels (January 8) concedes "there are politicians in at least three mainstream parties—the New Flemish Alliance, the Christian-Democrat Party and the governing Liberal Party—who adopt positions similar to the Vlaams Blok." The real objection, however, derives from the Blok's

> conservative family policies, its deeply felt ethical objections to abortion and euthanasia, its radical pursuing of the interests of Flanders, its republicanism, these are the issues voiced by no other party[—]these are in practice the indiscussable phantasms of the Vlaams Blok.

The VB is almost unique among nationalist parties in opposing abortion, pornography, and "homosexual marriage." In fact, the party was founded in 1977 in a revolt from the Flemish Nationalist Party, whose leaders had joined the sexual revolution. With the universal defection of Christian Democrats and Liberals to the left, it has gradually evolved into the leading conservative party in Belgium, going from 3 percent of the Flemish vote in the 1987 general election to its current 24.1 percent. The VB also draws support from conservatives who do not favor the breakup of Belgium.

Of course, those election figures represent only the Dutch-speaking Flemish, who make up about six million of Belgium's ten million inhabitants. The other four million are French-speaking Walloons, who (with their Flemish allies) have dominated the Belgian political scene and conveyed the quite false impression that Belgium is a predominantly French country. The conflict with the Walloons is multifaceted. There is an economic dimension, as there so often is in regional politics. The sturdier Flemings have not yet embraced the welfare state with the enthusiasm shown by the French-speaking proletariat, and Vlaams Blok leaders have exposed the Belgian government's steady transfer of wealth from the Flemish to the Walloon population. There are also cultural and moral differences, since, by and large, Flanders is more conservative than Wallonia. Finally, language has been a cause of division ever since Franks and other German tribes drove a wedge into Roman Belgica.

Dislike for the Belgian experiment has not been limited to Flanders. Many Walloons have dreamed of unification with France, and those dreams had a chance of

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being realized at the end of World War II. In 1980, François Perin, proclaiming he no longer believed in Belgium, resigned from the Senate and went on to write *Histoire d'une nation introuvable* (*History of a nation that cannot be found*). Today, the leader of the Mouvement wallon pour le retour à la France, although it has only about 1,200 members, claims that 15 percent of the French-speaking population views unification with France in positive terms. Wallonian political leaders, like the socialist Claude Eerdekens, have not hesitated to play the French card against Flanders, threatening the Flemish that, if they continued with their nationalist obstruction of socialist progress, France will welcome the Walloons: "Wallonia is not ashamed to live next to such a great country as France, and one day, they will find out that France will be bordering at the gates of Brussels!"

Paul Belien, a Vlaams Blok MP who has been published widely in the English-language press, has argued (in the December 2003 number of the *Salisbury Review*) that Belgium is the corrupt model for the multinational European Union:

> In 1989, the then Belgian Prime Minister Wilfried Martens called his country, the "prototype of Europe." "The Federal Belgian State," he said, "is a prefiguration of a Europe of Peoples, united in their organised diversity." Martens also stressed that an artificial country like Belgium "must have a transcendent project to commit itself to, otherwise it becomes very difficult to keep it together. For me that project is: Europe." Based in Brussels, and sharing its capital with Belgium, the European Union is greatly influenced—even infected—by Belgian political attitudes and habits. But, more importantly, Belgium acts as a model for the EU in the latter's efforts to "construct a nation" out of different peoples with separate languages, cultures and traditions. Belgium foreshadows "Europe."

Belgium, Belien argues, is a nation created to deny nationality.

While I was in Brugge, I was unable to meet with Belien, who was vacationing in the Rockies with his family, but, in a transatlantic interview, he explained that the three pillars of the VB are the independence of Flanders, restricted immigration, and the preservation of traditional morality. There is some sign of weakening on this last point: Some MP's, not actually members of the VB but elected on their party list, have recently supported "homosexual marriage" and "free speech" (*i.e.*, pornography). However, the VB's leader, Frank Vanhecke, continues to support the conservative position staked out by Dr. Alexandra Colen, a VB member of parliament and, not incidentally, Belien's wife. Dr. Colen and other party leaders are working to prevent the VB from turning into one more anti-immigrant coalition that welcomes people like Pym Fortyn, the assassinated Dutch politician whose principal objection to immigration was Islamic intolerance of "gays."

In Flanders, the left has picked up immigration and sexual morality as sticks with which to beat the right. In Italy, they throw in fascism; in the United States, it is the legacy of slavery. The Germans, however, are the worst off. In Germany, any statement of fact that calls into question the official history of the 1930's and 40's exposes a scholar or journalist to the accusation that he is attempting to revive the Third Reich. Mavericks soon find themselves ostracized, fired, fined, and even jailed.

The most recent victim—or, perhaps, political suicide—is Martin Hohman, an MP for the Christian Democratic Union who has, in the past, opposed both homosexual rights and what he regards as Germany's unfavorable position within the European Union.

His nationalism had already incited accusations of antisemitism, when Hohman, exasperated with German thought control, decided to come out with guns blazing. Turning the tables on those who say that the Germans are a nation of culprits, he asked if the Jews could not also be considered "culprits" for having played so prominent a role in the Bolshevik Revolution. Quoting from a recent book by Johannes Rogalla von Bieberstein, *Jewish Bolshevism, Myth and Reality*, Hohman suggested that German antisemitism in the 30's might be explained as a reaction to the fear of red revolution. The reaction of the CDU leadership was prompt: They expelled Hohman from the party.

Hohman was certainly imprudent to the point of recklessness, and there is an unpleasant "blame the victim" ring to his rhetoric. The facts, however, are not in dispute, and, for bringing up the unpleasant facts, an influential MP has been drummed out of his party.

One of his friends told me privately that Hohman should have quoted from Jewish books on this question, not from the highly controversial Rogalla von Bieberstein. I spoke with Rogalla von Bieberstein briefly at a conference in Germany sponsored by *Culture Wars*. Although he said nothing to surprise anyone who has studied the history of Bolshevism, his presentation appeared to annoy some of the Germans present in the audience. One of them, an intelligent and cultivated lady, stood up to declare that there were good reasons why this subject has been taboo in Germany and that it should stay taboo. Later, she explained that the author was a disgruntled Prussian, whose family had lost everything, and the failure of his career had made him bitter. When good people feel compelled to adopt *ad hominem* arguments, the only explanation is fear.

Germany is not my country, and I can well understand why some Germans are tired of being the world's whipping boy, why others want to put the ugly past behind them, and why still others are afraid of speaking out. I think they might all be missing the point. While it is true that a great deal of trouble has been caused by Jewish hate groups such as the ADL here in America and international agitators such as *haGalil.com* (which assailed Hohman as a classic antisemite and labels critics of Israel as Nazis), the real problem is the international left, which uses any and all available tactics in its campaign to eliminate national and religious identity. The Germans, because of the undoubted crimes of the Third Reich, are very vulnerable, but what of the Flemings? What are the crimes that can keep them in the international prison? I felt a deep sympathy with the Flemish people I met. Perhaps it is the call of blood. As one VB member said to me, "Welcome home."

All the little peoples of the world are opposed by a formidable host arrayed against them: the New World Order (that is, the order imposed by the power of the New World), the European Union, the United Nations, and transnational corporations. So far no one—not the Serbs, not American Southerners, and certainly not the Germans—has successfully defied these forces of darkness. What an irony it would be if the people of Flanders, citizens of a nation designed to deny nationality, were the forerunners of the counterrevolution.

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The New Calvinism
by Paul Lake

Our primal fault was not to forfeit Eden
By eating fruit from the forbidden tree
And won't be healed by any special pleading
By Christ—in Calvin's new theology

The fault lies not in Adam; our disgrace is
In having ancestors who spanned the globe,
Subjecting mother earth and other races
To mental rape with every phallic probe.

At birth, our fate's predestined; by our race,
Our every thought and action justified;
Worn like an outward sign of God's good grace,
It marks the saint from the unsanctified.

Yet by incessant self-examination,
Conforming thought and word to what's correct,
And shouldering guilt by association,
Some might yet hope to rise with the elect

And find atonement—not through mere confession,
But through official acts of deference
To spirits sanctified by past oppression,
And singling out for special preference

The African, Hispanic, Southeast Asian,
The indigenous, disabled, and trans-gendered—
In short, that is, all but the male Caucasian,
Whose sovereignty must be at last surrendered,

Its institutions razed, and new ones built
To facilitate his soul's regeneration,
Reshaping thought and schooling him in guilt
Till he's made new, like Adam at creation.

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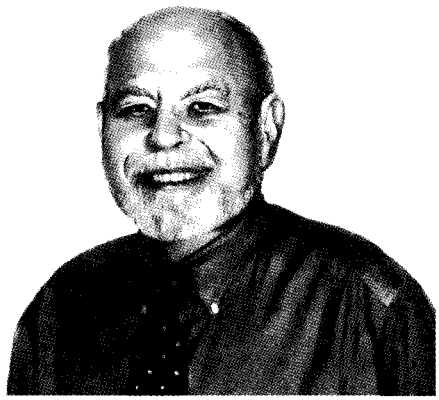
by Paul Gottfried

Where Have All the Nazis Gone?



Back in the 1960's, as a graduate student at Yale, I kept hearing that the Germans had still not confronted their past. They would do so only when they understood that Hitler, as explained by German leftist historian Fritz Fischer, was not a *Betriebsunfall* (operational accident) but emerged from Germany's history, which went in a straight line from Bismarck to Auschwitz. Fischer, a Nordic-looking Hamburg historian who died in 1999 at age 91, had set out to prove, from archival sources supposedly made available to him in East Germany, that the German imperial government had launched World War I in a quest for world hegemony. Despite his argument having been largely refuted by the 1970's, Fischer's view of the Germans bearing exclusive guilt for World War I carried the day at home and abroad. Anglophone conservatives Paul Johnson and Donald Kagan have been as enthusiastic as the German left in embracing this thesis. Last year, German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder expressed shock when German literary historian Martin Walser stated the obvious: Believing in Fischer was intended as an act of German contrition for the holocaust and had nothing to do with scholarship.

Fischer's critics, starting with the estimable historians Gerhard Ritter, Joachim Remak, and Golo Mann, had all been anti-Nazis. The SS arrested Ritter in November 1944 for participating in the plot to overthrow the Nazi government. These anti-Fischerites were not unqualified defenders of the imperial German government but made the once-conventional (and correct) case that both sides had behaved recklessly in 1914. It is also methodologically questionable, as Niall Ferguson has pointed out, to blame the Central Powers exclusively for plans of territorial expansion or nationalist hysteria found among all the major belligerents. Significantly, the memorandum in which Chancellor Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg set out provisional German war aims in September 1914 came from his confidant, Kurt Riezler (as German historian Hans-Dietrich Erdmann proved from Riezler's diaries over 40 years ago). Far from being a proto-Nazi, this author of Fischer's key evidence for German expansionism was an Anglophile classicist and the son-in-law of a Jewish expressionist artist. Riezler, who subsequently fled from the Nazis, helped to script Hollywood films and, in the early 50's, became a cofounder of the New School for Social Research. Among his protégés was Leo Strauss, whose disciples would evolve into outspoken Fischerites. Even so, the Straussians would never acknowledge the responsibility of Strauss's patron for the September 1914 program so savagely denounced by Fischer.

Equally important, as one discovers from Klaus Grosse-Kracht's sprawling essay in the *Zeitschrift für neuere Theologie-Geschichte* (2003), Fischer became an honored Teutonophobe after having spent his youth as a Nazi booster. Before the Nazi seizure of power, and contrary to his later autobiographical cover-up, the youthful Fischer was involved in Nazi-like nationalist organizations. In 1933, he went to work as an SA propagandist and, in 1937, joined the Nazi Party outright. By then, he had joined his dissertation director at Berlin—an undisguised Nazi ideologue, Eric Seeberg—as an advocate for the Reichsbewegung der Deutschen Christen, an unsavory body of Hitlerian theologians who were planning a National Socialist Christian church. Fischer took pains in 1939 in his study of the Prussian Church reformer Ludwig Nicolovius to add conspicuously antisemitic comments. According to Grosse-Kracht, his subject hoped to advance his academic career on the coattails of party loyalists, a policy that resulted in his being named to a chair in Hamburg in 1942. (After the war, he would get back that chair as a darling of the German left.) The Americans imprisoned Fischer after the war, like the more talented Carl Schmitt, as an influential Nazi thinker; like Schmitt, however, he was never brought to trial. By the late 40's, Fischer had exchanged worldviews and, unlike Schmitt, spent the rest of his life pot-shooting dead Germans—starting with the Evangelical Church in 19th-century Germany, now criticized as overly nationalist.

It is mind-boggling that so little light has been shed on Fischer's checkered past. Even Grosse-Kracht treats his Nazism the way American liberals have usually interpreted the Stalinist backgrounds of their favorite progressives, as something that only boorish reactionaries would bring up. The dirty secret is that the post-Marxist left do not care about real Nazi pedigrees but simply about whom they can accuse of being a Nazi or a fascist, while trashing their country and its culture. Thus, they excuse Jurgen Habermas and Walter Jens, two anti-German leftist intellectuals, for their extensive activities in the Hitler youth. They also jolly along former German President Richard von Weizsäcker, who covered up his father's work in greasing the skids for the holocaust, as Hitler's ambassador to the Vatican. In the mid-80's, Weizsäcker made himself into a *Gutmensch* (a leftist Goody Two-shoes) by speaking publicly on the need for perpetual, collective German atonement for the Nazi past. Meanwhile, those who excuse the genuine Nazis throw dirt at heroic German martyrs Claus von Stauffenberg and Carl Friedrich Goerdeler, who died trying to overthrow Hitler, for being insufficiently philosemitic and persistently patriotic.

In the postwar American occupation, antileftist anti-Nazis were considered politically dangerous. For several years, certifiable opponents of Hitler who disliked the communists or exhibited patriotic feelings were denied the right to publish newspapers or books. Former Nazis who changed sides, unlike conservatives who had opposed Hitler, were considered "educable." This continued to be the rule for Fischer and those of his ilk. By tacking leftward and doing so as despisers of the German past, they have been turned into the public "conscience" for a hated and self-hating country. Perhaps it is time to notice the swastika lurking beneath this artificial conscience.

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There Once Was a New England

Timothy Dwight's New England Catechism

by John Willson

A few years ago, I was talking about Timothy Dwight to an audience of people old enough to appreciate both his Christian orthodoxy and his old-fashioned patriotism. When I mentioned Dwight's passion for farming and his devotion to agriculture as a way of life, a man from Dwight's adopted state of Connecticut informed me that there are now fewer than 50 people in the entire state who list themselves as "farmers." If one adds to that sad statistic the decline of Yale, which Timothy Dwight made into a great college, then one begins to realize how far New England has fallen from its place as a "city upon a hill."

New England's glory rested on the foundation of the most homogeneous population of any region in the history of North America. Nathaniel Ward, author of the *Massachusetts Body of Liberties*, said cheerfully, non-Puritans "shall have free liberty to keep away from us, and such as will come to be gone as fast as they can, the sooner the better." East Anglian English founded and conquered what became the six states of New England proper and later moved their culture to Long Island, Northern New Jersey, most of Western New York, part of Western Pennsylvania, about half of Ohio and Indiana, parts of Southern Michigan and Northern Illinois, a little bit of Wisconsin, and almost all of the original Oregon. As David Hackett Fischer shows in his majestic book *Albion's Seed*, the 20,000 or so who came in the great migration of 1630-41 have turned into as many millions and have put their stamp on virtually every good and decent institution, political and otherwise, in the United States. As M. Stanton Evans says, they "planted on American soil virtually every institution of free government with which we are familiar."

Despite the fact that the hardy Puritan Calvinists were almost the opposite of a warrior people (although they did require their citizens to own guns), the American War for Independence effectively ended in New England well before the Declaration of Independence was even written. The towns rose against the English Regulars. As many as 50,000 men were in the field within a day after the first battles in Lexington and Concord. In a now often-told story, historian George Bancroft, desperately trying in the 1830's to interview the few remaining veterans of the Revolution, found Levi Preston of Danvers, then 91, and asked him, "Captain Preston, what made you go to the Concord fight?" Asked about the Stamp Act, it turned out that the old man had never seen a stamp: "I always understood that none were ever sold." He never drank a drop of tea—"the boys threw it all overboard." He never read Locke or any other of the English writers on liberty: "the only books we had were the Bible, the Catechism, Watts' psalms and hymns and the almanacs." Bancroft, a little confused, said, "Well, then, what was the matter?" Preston replied, "Young man what we meant in going for those Redcoats was this: we always had governed ourselves and we always meant to. They didn't mean we should."

The Preston story is important for us to understand because it so effectively contradicts the grounds for the Puritan-bashing that has become a national pastime since about the 1920's. It has often been a pastime of this magazine. Yet this was the nation that, six years before Jefferson, produced one of our first declarations of independence. After the Boston Massacre, the minister of the congregation at Abington said to the town meeting, "Ye are, as yet, freemen." They seceded the next day. The old New England was not built on abstractions or, as H.L. Mencken once said, on "the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy." It *was* a happy place, as far as men can make them, full of free people who understood the right balance between freedom and order.

Timothy Dwight did not understand this very well until he lost his father during the War for Independence. Major Dwight was a wealthy man, a man of influence in Northampton, Massachusetts, who had married a daughter of Jonathan Edwards. A judge in the Court of Common Pleas who had taken an oath of loyalty to the crown, he could not bring himself to disobey the king and left Massachusetts rather than become a revolutionary. He, his sister, and her husband and several children went to the Mississippi territory, where most of them died within a few months. Timothy, who had joined the Continental Army as a chaplain, resigned and came home to take care of his mother and younger siblings. Even the war could not trump family obligations.

He held their property together and educated the younger children, working in the fields with his hired men, running a school in the mornings and evenings, preaching twice a week at churches around Northampton, defending his mother against rumors that she, too, was a Tory. It is said that she never entered the church sanctuary after her husband's death. She sat every week in the narthex in defiance of her uncharitable neighbors. Timothy inherited, or acquired, her iron will. He later said that "all that I am I owe to her." He reconciled with his neighbors, however, and earned their esteem. He also learned in these hard times what the Romans called *pietas*.

Dwight knew Roman literature well, as did most of the educated men of his generation. His poetry drew heavily upon Virgil. His attempt at an epic, *The Conquest of Canaan*, was an allegory about the American conquest of the New World, told in the setting of the biblical book of Joshua. It did not work very well. One of his critics said the poem was full of 18th-century Americans with Hebrew names who talked like Milton's angels and fought like prehistoric Greeks. It was a young man's poem, begun when Dwight was 19, filled with an American triumphalism that would not survive his experience of war and family hardships. Dwight wrote another long poem later on,

John Willson is Salvatori Professor of History and Traditional Values at Hillsdale College.

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Greenfield Hill, which was modeled in part on Virgil's *Georgics* and *Eclogues*. Virgil wrote the *Georgics* between 36 and 29 B.C., against a background of almost constant civil wars that threatened the structure of rural Italian society. Virgil presented the difficulties and the promise of country life to remind his countrymen that real life is also partly mythical; that the past, present and future are intermingled; and that the values of local life directly affected the destiny of Rome.

Greenfield Hill was a celebration of the local institutions that Dwight felt bound all Americans together and represented what was worth preserving about the new nation. The title referred to Dwight's home in Connecticut after the War for Independence, a New England village much like a thousand others, and not terribly unlike the thousands of local settlements in other regions as well. Dwight intended the poem to describe "the dignified character of free republicans" and the "competence" of the farmers, tradesmen, ministers, and housewives who made up the happy society of New England. *Competence* was a term that meant, for Dwight, much the same thing as *pietas* to a Roman republican such as Cato the Elder. It meant a person who did his duty, who gave the gods their due, who honored his parents and was loyal to his friends, who paid attention to his community's past and honored its local institutions, and who served the republic in war and peace. "Men who devote themselves to their own concerns," Dwight said, "usually manage them well." The connections between republican Rome and the Virginia elite are well known; they are perhaps less so in the case of such a loyal son of New England—and an agrarian, at that.

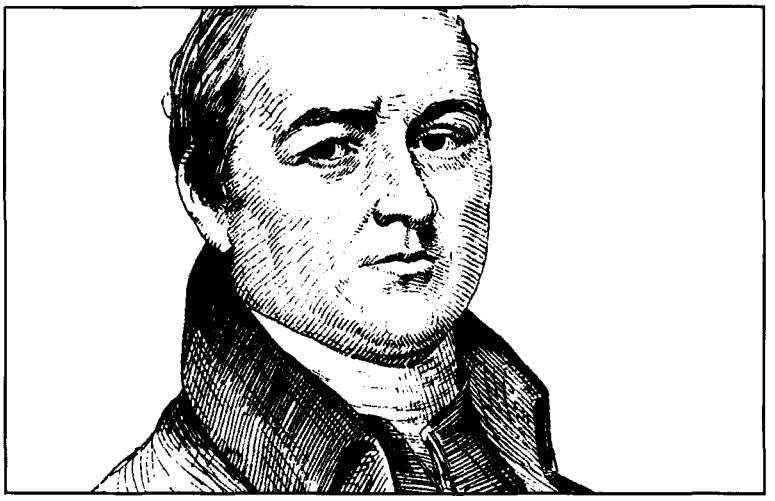
Timothy Dwight wanted to write the "songs" of his nation rather than its laws. He did write a hymn that is still found in several Protestant hymnals:

I love thy kingdom Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

His poetry, however, did not capture his countrymen's hearts; his preaching and teaching did. He helped lay the foundations of the Second Great Awakening and Yale's powerful influence for several generations. It is, however, his posthumously published collection of essays, *Travels in New England and New York*, for which he should be best remembered. There is nothing like them. They chronicle the life of the New England nation for a generation and present us with a picture that would hold quite true for every generation from John Winthrop to Calvin Coolidge. And they are accessible in an excellent modern edition edited by Barbara Miller Solomon (Harvard, 1969). Solomon says that "Dwight made the *Travels* a final affirmation of what he valued in his world."

What he valued was what he *saw*. He took mini-"sabbaticals" during his years as president of Yale (1795-1817), usually after commencement, during the fall when the students had gone home for the harvest. Altogether, he estimated that he traveled 18,000 miles on horseback, by carriage, or on foot. He wrote about churches, murders, how towns laid out streets, rivers, politics, Indians, notable citizens, creeping Unitarianism, Eli Whitney's genius, fishing, the immigrants in New York City, pronunciation of words, New England women, how militias functioned, penal systems (anticipating Tocqueville), good and bad schools, lots about farming and religion, and a hundred other topics. Almost all the essays contained some history. As he had written in *Greenfield Hill*,

Utopias then,
Ancient and new, high fraught with fairy good,
Would catch no more the heart. Philosophy
Would bow to common-sense, and man, from the facts,
And real life, politic wisdom learn.



Talking about Connecticut, he said in the *Travels*, "There is not a spot on the globe, where so little is done to govern the inhabitants; nor a spot, where the inhabitants are so well governed, or perhaps, in more appropriate terms, where the state of society is so peaceable, orderly, and happy." Dwight did not have to make up a theoretical republic. He saw republican order in the New England towns.

That order began in the individual soul. Dwight's conviction that God's Word written and God's covenantal promises to the visible Church lay behind every attempt to form a decent polity informed every observation he made about New England. "Without religion," he wrote, "we may possibly retain the freedom of savages, bears and wolves; but not the freedom of New England." Citizens could not function as citizens without God being present in their hearts and minds. But individuals were also not individuals absent their connections to their families, churches, colleges, towns, states, and, ultimately, their nation. When he said, "the personal conduct of no individual can be insignificant to the safety and happiness of a nation," or, "if each man conducts himself aright, the community cannot be conducted wrong," he was simply acknowledging the connection between character and a healthy state. Men live in covenants that are vertical, resulting in obligations and freedoms granted by God and operating largely through churches, as well as covenants that are horizontal, working mainly in families and polities. This echoes Homer, Moses, Aristotle, Virgil, and a thousand other of Dwight's spiritual ancestors. That, to him, it also was the message of Jesus applied to the political order only strengthened its immediacy for Connecticut, New England, and America.

Most of the individual citizens Dwight observed were farmers. "Every farmer in Connecticut and throughout New England," he said, "is dependent for his enjoyments on none but himself, his government, and his God; and is the little monarch of a dominion sufficiently large to furnish all the supplies of competence, with a number of subjects as great as he is able

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to govern." Visitors to his home were often disappointed to discover that he would rather talk about potatoes than theology or politics. Dwight gardened six acres by himself when he lived in Greenfield Hill and wrote more about agriculture than Thomas Jefferson did, although not as much or as deeply as did John Taylor of Caroline. He gained a little fame for his fish-emulsion fertilizer and was one of the first New Englanders to grow good watermelons and strawberries. And he was a patriot precisely because he loved the enterprising farmers around him: "To me," he said, there is something delightful "in contemplating the diffusion of enterprise over an immense forest," because the "process here is all voluntary and free." Farmers make useless land into sustenance, and "poverty is here commuted for competence, and competence for wealth."

Dwight argued that the history of New England should be put in the form of a catechism and taught to every schoolchild by the third grade. He saw the eroding effects on local institutions brought about by the variety of immigrants to New York City.

Farmers also made up the towns—and sustained them. Dwight devotes many of the essays in the *Travels* to describing towns—their physical characteristics, governments, churches, schools, militia—and it is clear that, to his loving eye, they were the centerpieces of the civilized world. He would certainly have approved of what Tocqueville wrote about them 15 years after Dwight's death:

> The New Englander is attached to his township because it is strong and independent; he has an interest in it because he shares in its management; he loves it because he has no reason to complain of his lot; he invests his ambition and his future in it; in the restricted sphere within his scope, he learns to rule society; he gets to know those formalities without which freedom can only advance through revolutions, and becoming imbued with their spirit develops a taste for order, understands the harmony of powers, and in the end accumulates clear, practical ideas about the nature of his duties and the extent of his rights.

Dwight found his fellow New Englanders "educated in the business of a town," plain folks conducting government better than perhaps any other place on earth. "A republican government is founded on general opinion," he wrote. "It is, therefore, of the highest importance, that this opinion should be correct. No method, hitherto adopted by mankind, has been equally successful with this, in forming that opinion, and fitting men to judge well concerning governmental matters."

Such general statements are sprinkled throughout the *Travels*, but their real power lies in the richness of detail, wherein every interesting individual, every notable family, every church building, every village and field clearly is bound to every other. This is another way of saying what many Americans of Dwight's generation believed, that *society precedes government*, and that *strong local institutions determine the strength of a free people*. To Dwight and to most New Englanders, these were not merely instrumental notions. God had built families, churches, and towns into the created order in such a way that there can be no meaningful freedom apart from their vitality. Tocqueville would later say,

> The strength of free peoples resides in the local community. Local institutions are to liberty what primary schools are to science: they put it within the people's reach; they teach people to appreciate its peaceful enjoyment and accustom them to make use of it. Without local institutions a nation may give itself a free government, but it has not got the spirit of liberty.

"More free than we are," Dwight often told his graduating seniors, "man with his present character cannot be. If we preserve such freedom, we shall do what never has been done. The only possible means of its preservation, miracles apart, is the preservation of those institutions from which it has been derived." He knew that the forces of "infidelity" were on the march, that a balance between traditional Protestantism and the Enlightenment would be hard to maintain. He knew that villages and farms might be overwhelmed by cities and the spirit of enterprise. (To Dwight, the Hamiltonian vision was dangerous not because it was evil but precisely because it was so attractive.) He even thought he saw a danger to the family in softening divorce laws and changing attitudes toward marriage and warned, "this system of government, though here efficacious and happy, derives a principal part of its efficacy from the early habits of children, formed in the family, the school, and the church." He argued that the history of New England should be put in the form of a catechism and taught to every schoolchild by the third grade! He even saw the eroding effects on local institutions brought about by the variety of immigrants to New York City.

All in all, by the time of his death in 1817, Timothy Dwight was happy about the state of New England, as his instructions to publish the *Travels* indicates. The New England nation was still very peaceable, agrarian, inward-looking, and, Dwight was convinced, the most democratic spot on earth. It is interesting that except for one very important difference—Dwight's New England nation being based on God and the churches—what he said about it often reminds us of what Jefferson said about Virginia when he looked out his windows at Monticello. So, in the sense that there once was a New England, there also once was a Chesapeake nation, and they probably began to wither about the same time. In New England, a friend remarked to me lately, the withering probably began in earnest with Emerson and was completed when the Red Sox sold Babe Ruth to the Yankees. It will always be true, however, that what Timothy Dwight valued was indeed a good place. It is also true that what his student Samuel Goodrich called Dwight, "a Yankee Christian gentleman, nothing more—nothing less," is not high praise today. To our detriment.

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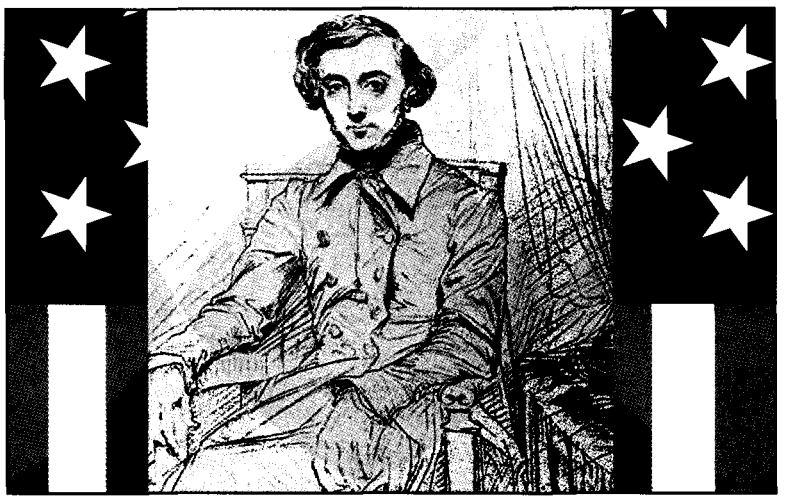
Tocqueville's America and America Today

Liberty, Equality, Materialism

by Claude Polin



At the time of Alexis de Tocqueville's writing, the French Revolution still loomed over minds and, with it, memories of a bloodbath and of a new kind of tyranny. The American Revolution seemed to offer grounds for rosier hopes about democracy. Convinced that there was no turning back to the old days, Tocqueville set about assessing whether humanity could have a bright future.

Tocqueville nurtures a deep nostalgia for the times when societies were aristocratic, when their leaders were men others could look up to because of their eminent virtues, and he views the advent of egalitarian societies as a backward step in many respects. He feels very guilty, however—so much so that he struggles constantly to show those were also unjust societies and that the development of equality is the result of some providential disposition. His obsession—an aristocratic one, no doubt—with equality as the *idee mere* of modern societies is, for him, a source of many meaningful insights but also the cause of his ultimate failure to understand American democracy.

I believe that American history reveals that there were actually two Americas. The American Civil War was a cultural war, almost a clash of civilizations. Two social spirits had been sewn together into a sort of improbable body. For better or for worse, the truly revolutionary spirit, the Yankee spirit, won and became the spirit of America. This spirit is the only one Tocqueville observed.

To summarize his two lengthy volumes in a few words—a daring proposition, indeed—I would say that, for Tocqueville, equality generates two main dangers, which are (to make things simpler) of a somewhat contradictory nature.

Men who are deemed equal cannot be governed but by themselves—hence the principle of popular sovereignty. Tocqueville's first concern is to show how, through procedures of public discussions and elections, starting at the level of the township, American citizens actually implement that sovereignty.

The more democratic France became, the more tyrannical: That was the legacy of recent French history. Are not, asks Tocqueville, the same ghosts of despotism looming over the New World? Isn't it obvious that, whenever people are endowed with absolute power (and what power can be more absolute than a power that is deemed sovereign?), they are bound to make limitless use of it? When the will of the people is the people's only master, even God is overruled, and anything is permitted. Now, isn't that tyranny compounded by the condition that, since it is highly unlikely to be unanimous, there will be dissenters, and the majority of the people will feel entitled to disregard and prevail upon them? Again, we can clearly hear a man in the tradition of Locke or Montesquieu who fears the vociferous empire of the populace, led by demagogues, upon competence, virtue, and thoughtfulness.

But equality seems to have had, in Tocqueville's eyes, a result of an altogether different nature. (That seems to be the reason for his second discourse.)

Equality, he claims without further explanation, engenders materialism (an exclusive devotion to material well-being). And, as far as individual liberty is concerned, Tocqueville sees that devotion as a drawback. For running one's own business means losing all interest in public affairs. Forgetting what he said about the active involvement of citizens in their local communities, Tocqueville insists more and more, as the book unravels, on the danger of a new kind of despotism.

Being immersed in their private petty activities, living as if isolated from one another, the power they could wield when united becomes fragmented and useless so that actual power

Claude Polin is a professor at the University of Paris at the Sorbonne.

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comes to rest in the hands of the ever fewer who care to run the common affairs of the community. Finally, Tocqueville mentions that equality breeds envy, and citizens tend to prefer everybody to submit to one and the same power rather than to bow to some better part of themselves. (In other words, they hate the idea that they might be aristocrats.) However, since all citizens care mostly about their own material comfort, Tocqueville dreads above all the rise of a sort of gentle, benevolent, paternal despotism.

Now, where does all of that lead us? First of all, the relationship is not clear, to say the least, between the two tyrannies democracy seems bent on giving birth to. At times, it is as if the people exercised too much power; at times, as if they did not want to bother using any. Are the American people to be blamed for being tyrants, or for being busy and obedient ants?

> Americans hold it as a self-evident truth that no one is obliged to yield to any other unless he freely consents to do so. Consequently, equality means equality of opportunity, not equality of results.

Second, Tocqueville seems to think that, whatever these dangers, Americans have overcome them both. Some of the vaccines he refers to do not seem very potent even to himself. For instance, he maintains that local government fathers an interest in government at large, but he does not really show how: Local issues have a direct impact on people, while national issues are far more remote. Or he mentions what he calls the "judiciary mentality" (*l'esprit legiste*): Since the law, he says, is the true ruler in democracy, and the guardians of the law tend to love its slow and lengthy process, they naturally oppose the impetuosity of popular will; at the same time, he writes that judges are nothing but public opinion vested with the power to judge.

Thus, we are left with only two effective remedies for the disease of American democracy.

First and foremost, the American miracle, he says, is the alliance between the spirit of liberty and the spirit of religion; men who are free to do anything they please in the political world will stop short because of their spiritual beliefs. This is, by his own word, a miracle: What can one do, he exclaims in another passage, against the tyranny of the majority? Invoke the sovereignty of God? No, he answers: the sovereignty of Mankind. This is revealing, but, again, the reader is at a loss. And all the more so, because, in his second volume, not only does religion seem to play into the hands of materialism (it helps to see beyond the short term), but it is nowhere seen to alleviate the benevolent despotism that he sees coming.

The sturdiest prop of American democracy seems to be enlightened self-interest. Men who run their businesses run across other people's paths and quickly learn that public affairs matter to their private ones: They understand that their private, enlightened interest is to become active citizens. However, since Tocqueville pointed out that it is concern for their private affairs that is primarily responsible for their acceptance of benevolent despotism, we are again at a loss to know which side of the coin will win out. So what then? Tocqueville was a Frenchman writing at the very time and in the very country where *socialism* was coined and the first drafts for implementing it were drawn up. At the back of Tocqueville's mind is the idea that people preoccupied with their well-being tend to cooperate, but there comes a point at which cooperation (the catchword of the French socialists of the time) becomes organization, even an authoritarian one, which is willingly accepted provided the material expectations of the individuals are met. So that American democracy is threatened by a kind of nice, peaceful, methodical, desire-fulfilling socialism, which Tocqueville finds personally repulsive, because it turns men into industrious, disciplined, and unthinking ants. In other words, he no longer fears Robespierre but Saint Simon.

Tocqueville's observations are often penetrating and fruitful, but his general outlook is wrong: America in the 19th and 20th centuries was very different because it was fostered by a very different idea, and the issues raised are becoming more and more outdated as America changes into something that his point of view prevented him from seeing.

Tocqueville's contention that religion is the only bulwark against democratic tyranny is, from the viewpoint of simple logic, shallow, because it is contradictory. If the people are sovereign, then God is not, which is to say that there is no God any more. Why could not each citizen have a religious conscience and vote according to his beliefs? Very simply, because the nature of individual sovereign conscience is not to recognize what is good and then obey it but to obey only what it has decided to be good. Any democracy is atheistic in principle, whether consciously or not.

Our path is hereby blazed: If religion is not a plausible remedy against democratic diseases, and if America is not a tyranny, then why is she not, and what is the nature of these religious feelings with which Americans are so obviously imbued?

Let us turn to Tocqueville's second claim that America is threatened with gentle, comfortable socialism. Tocqueville is obsessed with the development of equality and, at the same time, absolutely adamant when it comes to believing that, eventually, equality turns out for the best. Conveniently forgetting the eruption of hatred and violence unleashed by the spirit of equality during the French Revolution, Tocqueville asserts that the real outcome of the love for equality is a general softening of behaviors and habits, a growing desire for peace, an increasing reluctance to aggressiveness and a propensity for compassion—as if men, by becoming more equal, would become more mediocre but less dangerous animals. For him, equality begets people satisfied not with sovereignty but with playing at being sovereign (which is why they are content with the play-acting of elections); equality begets materialism, but that means only a satisfaction with standardized rewards, for which people work assiduously and obediently; equality breeds liberty, but a liberty which amounts to nothing more than having no kings.

Material equality, however, has just the contrary outcome. Equality does not necessarily breed materialism. (Christianity taught men that they were equal because they are spiritually equal.) Materialism, however, breeds equality, and of a very nasty and aggressive kind. For, when materialism prevails, there

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is no reason why a man should bear to be deprived of a pleasure that he sees another man enjoying. He ends up thinking like those friends of mankind who, at the peak of the French Revolution, proposed, for the sake of human happiness, that, if a man had the qualities that would enable him to stand out above his fellow citizens in any conceivable way, he should be punished and, if necessary, beheaded for conspiring against mankind.

If I am right, Tocqueville's case for enlightened self-interest is a very weak one, indeed. Enlightened or not, interest in material well-being remains interest in material well-being; it may lead to more subtle ways of waging war on others, but it does not preclude waging it.

The real issue is that Tocqueville was right beyond any possible doubt about American materialism. One could even claim American society to be just as materialistic as any communist society. That, however, is precisely the point: American society—until today, at least—has always been as unlikely to become communist as hell is to freeze over. The question is: Why?

I think the archetypical American (which is, to me, the Yankee, because he was the type that eventually prevailed) is not primarily in search of equality, and certainly not economic equality. His driving passion strikes me as being freedom, meaning individual freedom—from domination, from submission, and also from material dependence. Americans yearn to be their own masters, to believe, to think, to work, to live as they wish. Materialism comes second. It is derived from the desire for independence, because independence begins as a capacity to support oneself. Self-sufficiency is the main characteristic of Americans. Hence, the tantamount importance of property rights in America. In Europe, criticism of private property has been heated for centuries. In America, who until recently has ever given a second thought to abolishing it? Americans are sons of Locke and Jefferson. And many American values are rooted in the same instinct: Isn't the family the average American's private kingdom? (While most Americans today do not have much control over the source of their income, the hidden, if not always fulfilled, ambition remains to be one's own boss.) Where Tocqueville sees equality stifling souls, sapping energy, and numbing wills, I see a passion for independence that constantly stimulates energy, will, and cleverness.

The core of Yankee America is made up of tough (to the point of coarseness), hard-working, fiercely proud, self-reliant, small or even miniscule individualistic homeowners, whose horizons are rather narrow, who do not care much about what is going on yonder and frankly dislike anybody entering their realm, especially to interfere. That America is the land of pioneers, whose main ambition is to be masters of their land, who are used to fighting for themselves and know that freedom is never granted but has to be earned by lonely hardship. Individualistic as they are, they may still have a sense of community born of their common appraisal of what life is supposed to be; hating to be intruded upon, they do not like to intrude but will help their neighbors build their barns: Private freedom is safe as long as society is limited to an exchange of services. On a more urban level, we find the same American, but the scale of his activities is of a totally different order. The sense of community progressively recedes as the size of his business precludes any relationship other than that of commercial exchange.

In both cases, the key word is *exchange*: The typical relation that Americans enter with their fellow men is that of exchange. That, I believe, stems again from their craving for independence, because exchange is the only way for individuals to enter a mutual relation while remaining entirely independent—and, I would say, indifferent—to one another; it is the only relation through which anyone can use someone without forcing him, and in which the freedom of each comes into play equally at the same time.

That is why America is a commercial nation, whose borders are only boundaries at which the domestic market stops and the international market begins. That is how Americans come to be entrepreneurs, because entrepreneurs are people that do not have a boss and are not afraid to rely on themselves alone. How can those traders also be fierce warriors, Marines or Green Berets or Special Forces, if not because a good soldier is not only a disciplined soldier but a lone ranger capable of autonomous decisions and solitary combat? Why are Americans good engineers, if not because they feel restrained when they cannot go beyond the limits that nature seems to have imposed on mankind? (Isn't making a carriage move without horses a victory over nature?) Why are Americans so attached to money, if not because there has not yet been found a better way to do what one wishes anywhere, any time? Why do their social gatherings require so much alcohol, if not because any one of them is like an atom that goes its own way without having anything to say to another? Why are Americans so fanatical about sports, if not because sport is an activity in which one is constantly required to exceed his natural limits and in which each individual is entitled to go his own way and prevail upon the opponent, while still maintaining some social relationship with him?

> Americans do not wish to be imperialistic; they just cannot imagine how one can live otherwise than in a free and peaceful society, which is their brand of democracy.

I do not mean to say that Americans reject equality. They certainly do not. Their idea of equality, however, is far removed from egalitarian equality. They seem to give it two meanings. One is the utter denial of any idea that there may be men to whom nature has given a right to command their fellow men: They hold it as a self-evident truth that no one is obliged to yield to any other unless he freely consents to do so. And, consequently, equality means equality of opportunity, not equality of results (as if it were unfair and unacceptable that some be what others are not): Again, equality means freedom.

If individual freedom is so potent, wasn't Tocqueville right to stress the threat of anarchy in American society? To a certain extent, there has always been an underlying current of anarchism in the American mentality. How could it be otherwise? Americans, however, are no anarchists, very simply because they widely share the same cultural propensity to be self-reliant individuals, to judge they are each better off left to themselves, but more or less consciously agree that there is no better way to

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play the game than to follow certain rules. That is not a creed, not a theory; it is just the American way of life, and they cannot conceive of ignoring what is required to live it. Americans are very parochial, often mistaken for people who have reached the ultimate wisdom in social thinking and want to impose it upon the world: It is not that they wish to be imperialistic; it is just that they cannot imagine how one can live otherwise than in a free and peaceful society, which is their brand of democracy.

Religion among religious Americans is more like something you can add to your life, possibly to make it more livable for you or others, as you would add some spice to your meal to make it tastier, more digestible, perhaps even more profitable.

I do not understand Tocqueville's fear of tyranny in America. Americans are economic, not political animals; politics have very seldom played a decisive role in this country, except on one account: foreign policy. Even then, it could be argued that meddling with world affairs is basically alien to them: Each time they go to war, they have to be more or less lured into it. As for domestic politics, how can there be any divisive issue, in the European ideological fashion, when all Americans agree on the fundamentals (it's the economy, stupid!) and argue mostly over details. How can they be politically minded when they are not interested in enforcing any grand scheme? Americans do not seem to be very anxious to wield their sovereignty, even if they are obviously eager to retain all its trappings. (It would be suicidal for a politician not to appear to ask their opinion, not to make a show of governing in their name, not to behave as if the people's will were his.) It is not that they do not exercise sovereignty; they use it, however, mostly in a negative way. They want to be sure they will not be forcibly enrolled in something that would drag them away from their private business for any significant time. They want to be sovereign to be sure nobody will prevent any of them from being left alone as much as possible. This is a far cry from Tocqueville's conception of democracy. His idea that they participate at the central level because they do at the local level is particularly misleading: They are sensitive to what matters in their daily lives, but they know only too well that a central government has a very limited capacity to deal with what is of immediate relevance to them.

Considerably revealing, I believe, is therefore the huge proportion of abstentions or the difficulty that candidates in a national election have in finding issues that may be meaningful for the masses, not to mention how difficult it is for them to oppose one another seriously, once the issue has been found, for fear of losing a substantial number of voters. Government in this country seems to me a sort of piecemeal affair, a day-by-day solving of a constant stream of small problems, inventing solutions that can satisfy as many voters as possible without antagonizing any, leaving little time at all for any real thinking of encompassing reach. Is there any way really to govern such a mass of conflicting interests, for any unified, centralized power to lift and carry such a weight?

Religion in America is not what it was in Europe. In Europe, religion was conceived of as a demand that one alter, more or less radically, one's way of living: the more religious one is, the more one's everyday life loses its primary importance. (My kingdom is not of this world.)

Religion, for Americans, is very strongly reminiscent of 18th-century European deism. It smacks of John Locke. What was God to deists if not that all-powerful, all-wise Being who endowed man with reason, with the very capacity to live on his own, by his own means, for his own goals—in other words, to do away with God completely except to thank Him for the way He made us?

From that deism, it is no great leap to accepting yourself: God has made me what I am; why shouldn't I obey God? There is a logical connection between an Episcopalian homosexual bishop and so many American, (very) unchristian businessmen who, nevertheless undoubtedly nurture Christian feelings. Are they praying for men's souls to become not what they are but what they should be, and for God to help them to overcome their selfishness, worldliness, and shortsighted views of life, all of which dooms them to no more worthy endeavor than accumulating dollars, far beyond their needs? Or are they, as Voltaire was, thankful to God for making things go their way (isn't the Thanksgiving celebration a typically American rite?) and praying for things to remain ever the same? For Locke, there was no doubt: You could love God and make money all the more, because hoarding gold does not deprive anyone of anything he can eat, while you can, by using it wisely, be of great help to others.

All in all, religion among religious Americans is more like something you can *add* to your life, possibly to make it more livable for you or others, as you would add some spice to your meal to make it tastier, more digestible, perhaps even more profitable. And, since everyone naturally has his own tastes (some prefer sweets; others, salt), in the same way, there is a sect, if not for every, at least for a great variety of tastes. Religion in America does not forbid materialism; it just makes it more palatable.

What, however, could be the reason for charity in a Lockean universe? I see two main reasons, both stemming from the very core of American society. This society is a harsh, relentless environment, in which everyone is basically left to himself, and in which the loneliness of the individual is extreme, so much so that it is only natural that he come to suffer from his constant solitude. He can never escape it, but at least something can alleviate it: the very simple feeling that there are others experiencing it around him, that he is part of the same crew undergoing the same hurricane, even though each member has to fight it on his own at his particular station. After all, even gladiators were a tight community and were known to help one another, though they earned their livings fighting one another. Hence, a propensity to obey rites which give some reality to an illusion.

The second reason is that pity must be a very widespread feeling with people living a tough life in which work is not always enough and chance is a hidden hand whose power is inescapable. For pity is precisely that feeling which arises when you see somebody in a situation in which you have been, or know

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you could have been, yourself. (One should not confuse charity for the unlucky with those spectacular endowments that have probably more to do with personal gratification than with anything else; notwithstanding the tax incentive, does the Rockefeller Foundation come from the heart of a man who built his wealth by being inhuman to himself as well as to others, or from a desire for a perpetual testimony to what he had achieved?)

This whole description amounts to formulating a vast riddle: American society contains all the ingredients of communism, but it is obviously not a communist society. America is a society of harsh, often crude materialism, in which individuals relate with a not-so-hidden violence, mostly in terms of rivalry, each man for himself, and general aggressiveness, in which there are winners and losers, richer and poorer, in which greed is more active than love, envy more frequent than selflessness—but which succeeded, because everyone seemed to plod doggedly on, without complaining, without constantly crying foul play, making no gifts but asking no mercy, and certainly not expecting much from anybody. It has been a long time in Europe since these factors started giving birth to different types of socialism, all based on the assumption that, if there are poor people, it is because there are rich ones who have created their wealth by stealing from them. Where does the American difference come from?

The New World had a new creator, who was undoubtedly Calvin. Calvinism, however, has been misinterpreted.

It has generally been understood as Max Weber understood it. God was supposed to have receded from human sight, but not from human preoccupations: He was still present in human hearts, though no longer as an inspiration, since He had left men to their sins, but as a worry, because, since man could not be saved except by his election, it was only natural to wonder whether one had been elected: hence, the constant effort to behave according to whatever commands God had left and a tendency to see one's success as a sign of election. Puritanical, fundamentalist behavior is an historical fact, but deriving capitalism from puritanism is far-fetched: Blue America is not puritanical, and you do not see puritans driving SUV's.

The story must be told in slightly different terms. God has left man's world, period, which means that He has left men to their own sinful little dealings. Which, again, means that whatever was left of God's will (*e.g.*, the Bible) could not even be properly understood. It was therefore left for anybody to interpret as he wished, which finally means that there is hardly any difference between giving God's words more or less arbitrary significance and not bothering to try to determine what the heck He really wanted. In other words, an excess of pessimism is self-destructive, and the real outcome of Calvinism was, be it unwittingly, humanism: The world belongs to man.

This humanism must be understood against the gloomy background of its somber birth: Man is left to his own endeavors and can go wherever he pleases, but he has no clue where to head, and he no longer possesses any compass except himself. He is alone—utterly and hopelessly alone.

So it is only natural that, if he does not choose suicide, he starts worrying about his own material survival above all. Robinson Crusoe's first goal is to better his material conditions. Materialism is a natural enough product of atheism: The instinct for survival becomes prevalent. And the even more crucial point is that Crusoe knows he is alone: He has to fight it out on his own or perish.

Here, we have come to a crossroad. Under traditional Christian faith, the day-to-day life of individuals was pretty much supervised by superior authorities, guided by the spiritual rule of the Church more or less reflected on the temporal level by the rule of the king. The Christian was never left to himself. This is generally considered today to be the hallmark of constant tyranny: The Middle Ages are the Dark Ages. What is carefully concealed is that those two guidelines were supposed to be benevolent. Admittedly men, even churchmen and noblemen, are only men, and there were bad rulers. But men's ideas about reality actually make the reality they live in, so that nobody, even kings, can evade their spell. More often than moderns care to think, rulers try to rule for the good of their realm.

> Hedonism is creeping in and with it, an indifference to anything beyond the individual's life span. The demographic suicide of the West is but a reflection of its spiritual exhaustion.

Thus, whatever the historical reality, the idea remained that it is natural for the average citizen to be protected, that his protection is the natural duty of rulers: There lies, it seems to me, the reason why Europeans, like the French, are so prone to socialism. God has died, but the atheistic state has taken up His role and the part played by traditional authorities. Even though socialism, because it is only human, constantly fails, the old vision constantly kindles new hope.

Things have taken an altogether different and equally logical turn in America, where people also believed God had left forever: Since only God could give reliable guidance, all reliable guidance has gone, and there is no possible replacement for it. Every man is henceforth a living Robinson Crusoe on his own little island, in the midst of billions of other little islands.

Men live together, however, or at least that was the situation when God left them. So this is their choice: They can move apart from one another, into a wilderness where they will settle and organize their lives on a solitary basis, possibly not too far from, but never too close to, a few others who have decided to settle nearby; or they will decide to keep together, forming a society—but one whose unique characteristic is that it will be basically forced out of men who still live in moral solitude like the famous lonesome cowboy. At the same time, since each lives near the others, he may enter some kind of relationship consisting of an exchange of goods, services, or reciprocal help.

Now, this relationship will bear as its trademark the inner conviction that nobody owes anybody anything, that nobody has any reason whatsoever to consider that anybody is in any way a benevolent, generous, selfless, loving creature. The citizens of this new city will be basically indifferent to others' fortunes, and, since there is no reason why anyone's projects should harmoniously combine with anyone else's (and, on the contrary,

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every reason to foresee a clash between individual endeavors), the unavoidable conclusion is that all citizens will have to consider their fellow men as potential threats.

That finally means that, expecting nothing from others, they cannot be disappointed when others behave in a hostile manner. Pessimism about human nature cannot breed resentment between men. And, since it cannot breed resentment, it breeds acceptance of tough combat but without hatred.

Only one feature is needed to complete the picture: Since everybody may be prepared to fight, but nobody wishes to die in the process, it is only natural that everyone play hard and tough but fair—*i.e.*, within rules mutually agreed upon.

Thus was born the American society of sportsmen who fight hard, but bear no grudge when they lose to those who play better.

The melting pot is at risk of becoming not even a mixing bowl but just a container full of goodies that one can pick and choose at will.

Thus, Tocqueville was wrong when he saw equality as the *idee mere* of American society and ascribed anarchy as well as benevolent socialism to egalitarian individualism, religion being the only bulwark against popular tyranny. Pessimistic individualism, I believe, is the cornerstone of American society, which gave birth to orderly anarchy, to nonegalitarian liberty, to nonsocialist materialism, to irreligious but negative and nontyrannical popular sovereignty. Pessimism is the reason Americans are devoted to material needs but are not hedonistic, why they are fully conscious of other people's wealth but would rather emulate than destroy them, why they are harsh but compassionate, irreligious but convinced that God extended His protection over America.

The Yankee spirit has successfully run its course until today, and probably will until tomorrow, but pressures are building within it precisely in proportion to its success: The growth of any organism is also the growth of it weaknesses. Americans have become an object of worldwide admiration and envy—and, for that very reason, hatred.

Industrialization, which is deemed today to be the way of all progress, is a threat to individual independence, because, ironically, industrialization goes hand in hand with the massive production of standardized goods, for which America is famous. With the requirements of mass production, individuals become less and less equipped. They may still be useful here and there, but only as employees of corporate conglomerates seeking profits, entirely dependent on the corporation's good will or good health. (In that respect, financial capitalism, which supports huge multinationals, is obviously a poison in disguise for America.) Modern societies turn their backs on rural activities, but independence grows best in the fields. Industrialization means the growth of *interdependence*: Mass production implies division of labor, evermore refined; and, as Adam Smith understood long ago, this spells the doom of the individual entrepreneur.

This very interdependence brings about an even more unfortunate consequence. American society is built on the activity of exchange. But exchange is a relation between two equally free and willing partners: What will happen if there are an increasing number of exchanges in which some seem more equal than others, in which both parties are not on the same footing? This is bound to happen, since nobody in an exchange really cares what the other makes but only tries to make the most himself. What will happen if, while the two parties should benefit from their interaction, it becomes increasingly clear that one draws a disproportionate benefit—a benefit that has to be made, since it is the result of an exchange at the expense of the other? This, too, is bound to happen, since the object of the exchange is not fairness but maximum profit. Didn't Marx say that, even though the proletarians got paid, they were dealt unfair salaries because they were not in a position to bargain, and wasn't that what he called exploitation?

It seems obvious to me that the development of bureaucracy and regulations have primarily to do not, as Weber contended, with progressive rationalization of activities but with a wish to restrain and inhibit the spontaneous working of individual entrepreneurship, precisely on the assumption that it engenders unequal opportunities for individuals to fend for themselves. The free market seems to have to be regulated to remain a free market; state control seems to be a necessity born of the unfettered use of individual freedom; the redistribution of wealth to people seems fairer and fairer. In a word, socialism appears more and more as the protector of the individual, and big-government policy and increasing taxes can be made to look like assistance to the victims of bad luck, who have not had the opportunity to succeed. The welfare state is the natural child of a society whose supreme rule is every man for himself.

Immigration to the United States today cannot be expected to slow this trend: The melting pot, as a culture of individual competition, free opportunity for all, is at risk of becoming not even a mixing bowl but just a container full of goodies that one can pick and choose at will. And why should immigration not turn into outright invasion once American society seems ready to provide for people who do not care about assimilation any more?

American elites concur more and more with this way of thinking. Some of the more affluent have made their wealth in such a way that they do not feel secure in their privileges, and their guilty consciences are compounded by the petty calculation that they may buy their way into the continuous fruition of their advantages by paying dividends, intellectual or monetary, to people who are more deprived than they.

Is it necessary to point out how far we are from Tocqueville's benevolent despotism? Here are not industrious bees heading dutifully to work every day but people who are after the legitimacy of private property and who promote a system of redistribution that smacks of the exploitation they claim to fight—but an exploitation of the few by the many.

Up until now, American democracy has been highly successful in raising the general standard of living; the rest of the world knows it well. This is precisely what breeds a third contradiction. That the American work ethic is at the root of this success is readily forgotten by people confronted with the amazing display of wealth, material comforts, and power for which America today is a showcase. Such affluence is bound to trigger a purely

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hedonistic reaction: Why work, if not to enjoy the results of that work? Why not take a break and enjoy what we have? Why, with all the technology that is available, could machines not do men's work? And the hedonistic attitude joins forces with the socialist one: Isn't there enough wealth for everyone, and isn't the main issue the distribution of that enormous wealth, all the more because it is the product of everyone's combined labor? Social justice obviously becomes a fashionable idea, especially with intellectuals, who are always running after ideas (though they very seldom catch one).

There is a fourth contradiction, which lies in the status of the individual in American society. Tocqueville claimed that it was endangered by democracy. The reverse, however, is true. Admittedly, there is a certain streak of conformism in American society, if only because each man has to appear to play fair. The supreme principle of the American mentality, however, is the sacredness of individual freedom and individual rights. That can go too far. There are countless lawyers who have made a fortune defending the rights of their clients over and against all common sense, even if they have made the most blatant misuse or overuse of them. The overprotection of individual rights ends up threatening the use of individual freedom, while these rights have a natural tendency to degenerate from *rights of* (doing what I wish) into *rights to* (be granted something): The rights of men end up with society being required to care for individuals, which is another definition of socialism. And, finally, the emphasis on constitutional rights, coupled with the gullibility of crowds brought up to revere them, ends up producing a tyranny—not, as Tocqueville feared, the tyranny of a majority but that of minorities; one would laugh at it if it were not very often morally disorienting for masses who already lack moral guidance, and whose feeling for the necessity of common values is constantly eroded.

In other words, hedonism is creeping in and with it, an indifference to anything beyond the individual's life span. The demographic suicide of the West, including America, is but a reflection of its spiritual exhaustion.

That is the crux of the matter. There is a sword of Damocles hovering over the head of the Yankees. This particular sword is a spiritual one. I believe that man, as a thinking animal, is made to find some justification for his existence, to find his place in the world, to discover something in himself that makes him useful or simply meaningful. Man was born alone and wants to be part of a whole, of an order that has, in his own eyes, an absolute value. Traditional society in Europe dealt rather efficiently with this human urge and still does, in an unnatural (socialistic) way.

The strength of the Yankee spirit is that it offers every man the ability to carve out a place for himself, by himself. That, however, is also its weakness: It means that there is no such thing as an ordered, meaningful world of which one could wish to be part; one has to be a world unto himself. And that is Calvin's ultimate failure.

Small wonder, then, that Americans can be the object of so much admiration and envy, and also of so much hatred. What they seem to offer is an unheard-of prosperity at the price of converting to standards of behavior that, most of the time, they are neither ready nor willing, nor probably even able, to assume, given the cultural upheaval it entails. American good will and naive missionary spirit are a sure recipe for immediate disaster: the destruction of traditional ways of living, with no material benefits except those provided by foreign aid, and no spiritual contentment. Who could marvel at the swelling wave of frustration, anger, and resentment?

In Praise of Still Life

by Sally Cook

Now it's decreed that art must give
Some cold directive just to live,
Just painting still lives isn't thought
To be what art departments taught,
Forget the breadth and majesty
Of each tomato, pear, or bee,

The buzzing round a bowl of fruit;
Those dialectics just don't suit.
Oh, that we could be freed from this—
The cold, ironic sneering kiss
Of those who worship the perverse
And run the arts, and make them worse

Who miss the revolutionary
In a bowl of ripe red cherries.

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H.R. 3313 and the Imperial Judiciary

A Welcome Constitutional Crisis

by William J. Quirk

On July 19, three days before H.R. 3313 was debated, the ACLU issued notice of an "Urgent Briefing" entitled: "How the Marriage Protection Act (H.R. 3313) Will Harm Civil Rights, and Violate the U.S. Constitution." The flyer explained: "The bill would shut the federal courthouse doors—including the door to the Supreme Court—to an entire group of people, would violate the core constitutional protection of separation of powers, and would set a dangerous precedent for future legislation." A Georgetown law professor and other experts briefed members of Congress and staffers on July 20.

During the House debate, on July 22, Democrats said that H.R. 3313 was "undermining the constitution," "meanspirited, unconstitutional, and dangerous," "muzzling the courts," "opening the floodgates," trying to "desecrate and circumvent the constitution," "repealing *Marbury* v. *Madison*," promoting "mobocracy," like "driving off a cliff," and "an attack on gays." On one hand, it was "unprecedented" and, on the other, "reactionary" and "going back to the Articles of Confederation."

H.R. 3313, the object of this abuse, removes the "gay marriage" issue from the Supreme Court's docket. Each state's high court would then be the last word. It has been proposed by those who believe that the Supreme Court, if it gets a "gay marriage" case, will rule, pursuant to the Full Faith and Credit Clause, that Florida must recognize a Massachusetts "gay marriage." There are only two ways to remove a case from the Supreme Court's docket: by constitutional amendment, or by a statute limiting the Court's appellate jurisdiction. H.R. 3313 follows the statutory route. Probably 95 percent of Americans agree that the federal government should steer clear of the "gay marriage" issue. The bill does not even sound controversial. How could something so bland draw such high rhetoric?

Well, there's more than just "gay marriage" involved. If Congress can remove this issue from the Supreme Court's docket, it can remove anything else, from term limits to school prayer to abortion. That is what makes H.R. 3313 so controversial.

Congress's power to control the Supreme Court docket is clear. In 1948, retired Supreme Court Justice Owen B. Roberts, in a talk to the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, said that the Constitution has "a great big hole in it." His speech was entitled "Now Is the Time: Fortifying the Supreme Court's Independence." Roberts recommended four amendments to the Constitution that he thought would assure the Court's independence. Three were relatively noncontroversial: Fix the number of justices at nine; require mandatory retirement at 75; and bar any justice from seeking the presidency or vice presidency. His fourth amendment, Roberts said, was critical—it would "give the Supreme Court appellate jurisdiction in all cases under the Constitution." The Court had that authority at the time and has it today, but this authority is based on a statute passed by Congress, the Judiciary Act of 1789, not on the Constitution.

Roberts had no doubt that Congress, under the Constitution, controls the Supreme Court's appellate docket. The Constitution grants the Court original jurisdiction in cases involving ambassadors and actions between the states (Article III, Section 2). Congress cannot touch that original jurisdiction—*Marbury* held that Congress could not even *add* to the original jurisdiction—but otherwise, what the Court hears is up to Congress. Article III, Section 2 provides: "The Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as Congress shall make." The Framers provided a democratic check on the Court. When Congress should exercise its power is, of course, a political question. It often has exercised it without any noticeable outcry. Federal courts, since the 1930's, have been stripped of the power to hear taxpayer claims that state tax laws violate the federal Constitution (the Anti-Injunction Act) or to issue injunctions in labor disputes (Norris-Laguardia). More recently, Congress limited judicial review in death-penalty, illegal-alien, and prisoner *habeas corpus* cases. Congressional sentencing guidelines limit judicial discretion. The last Congress adopted an amendment by Sen. Tom Daschle (D-SD) directing fire-prevention clearing in the Black Hills Forest notwithstanding any provision of the Environmental Protection Act or any other provision of law: "Any action authorized by this section shall not be subject to review by any court of the United States" (P.L. 107-206, Section 706(j)).

Justice Roberts feared Congress might decide to let the decisions of the state courts of appeals be the last word on *all* constitutional questions:

> What is there to prevent Congress taking away, bit by bit, all the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States, not doing it by direct attack but by that sort of indirect attack? I see nothing. I do not see any reason why Congress cannot, if it elects to do so, take away entirely the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States over state supreme court decisions. The jurisdiction is exercised now under the terms of the Judiciary Act. Suppose Congress should decide to let the decisions of state courts of appeal be final on constitutional questions. How could the Supreme Court assert a power to take those questions, notwithstanding the act of Congress, in view of the language of the Third Article of the Constitution[?]

Why did the Framers leave it to Congress "to let the deci-

William J. Quirk is a professor at the University of South Carolina School of Law.

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sions of state courts of appeal be final"? Roberts believed that they did not envisage the large number of lower federal courts we have today. Indeed, they left the very existence of the lower federal courts to the discretion of Congress. They believed constitutional issues would arise in state courts and then be appealed to the Supreme Court: "Then came into play state pride, the state's rights' feeling [and fear of the Courts overturning jury verdicts]. The best compromise that could be made in the situation was to give to Congress the right to define the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court."

The deeper reason is that the Framers created a republic, a system of congressional supremacy. Following Montesquieu, they separated power into three parts. The Constitution was based on a theory of divided powers enforced by a series of checks and balances between the branches of the federal government and between the states and the national government. The American experiment was unique in its attitude toward power: It opposed power, not simply when it was held by a prince, or by one or a number of assemblies, or by many citizens or a few, but power *in the abstract*, wherever it existed or by whatever name it was known. The Framers' experiment, Henry Adams wrote in 1870, was the most fascinating in the history of political science, even if it failed.

The three branches were to be as independent as possible. The Framers tried hard to prevent the powers from combining since that was their definition of tyranny. They all agreed, however, that they were creating a republic based on the consent of the governed. The representative branch, to whom the people delegate their power, has to have the dominant powers—the power to raise and spend taxes, the war power, the power to impeach anyone in the other two branches, and the power to control what the Supreme Court can hear. Woodrow Wilson, in his 1884 *Congressional Government*, concluded that Congress is "unquestionably the predominant and controlling force[,] the centre and source of all motive and of regulative power."

The late Sen. Patrick J. Moynihan said, in 1982, that he agreed with Justice Roberts that Congress had the constitutional authority to limit the Court's appellate jurisdiction "whenever it deems proper." It could lead, though, to what he called a "constitutional oxymoron," that "we may face a constitutional crisis, [but] we may be getting there by a route many would argue is constitutionally permissible." The oxymoron was that Congress was authorized to limit or remove the Court's appellate jurisdiction, but, if Congress pushed its power, it could, for practical purposes, remove the Court as a third branch:

> If you can strip from the Supreme Court the right to hear one question, you can strip from it the right to hear any question. There is no right in the Constitution that would not be placed in jeopardy. The great fear of the founding fathers was that we should have a tyranny of the majority. They spoke over and over again of a tyranny of the majority and they devised the Court as the institution in which minority rights would be protected.

Of course, if the people disagree with what Congress does, they can vote them out.

The "gay marriage" issue has a peculiar ability to make politicians reverse their usual positions. In the Senate debate of July 12-14, Democrats, who normally prefer national solutions, argued that "gay marriage" is a state issue. Senate Republicans, who traditionally have claimed to believe that cultural issues should be decided by the states, proposed President Bush's Federal Marriage Amendment, imposing a national rule banning "gay marriage." Both parties seemed disingenuous: The Democrats were pro-homosexual and used states'-rights rhetoric as a ruse, since they were sure that one of the state decisions would ultimately make its way to the Supreme Court, which would impose a national rule in favor of "gay marriage." And the Republicans put the Bush amendment forward knowing it had no chance of passage.

Sen. Hillary Clinton (D-NY) argued that questions about marriage "will be taken care of as they traditionally have in the States which have held the responsibility since before our founding as a nation." Sen. Ted Kennedy (D-MA) said that, "Contrary to the claims of the supporters of the amendment, no State has been bound—listen to this—no state has been bound or will be bound—by the rulings or laws on same-sex marriage in any other State." Sen. Chris Dodd (D-CT) added: "For Congress to step in and dictate to 49 states how they ought to proceed in this matter runs counter to the State's rights principles that many hold so dear." Sen. Patrick Leahy (D-VT) worried: "Where is the respect for our States here?" And, finally, Sen. Tom Daschle (D-SD) concluded: "This fundamental responsibility lies with the States."

Federal courts cannot hear a case if the case does not fall within the authority granted by Congress.

The Bush amendment was thoroughly defeated, securing only 48 votes on a procedural vote. Senators Kerry and Edwards were absent, but they have repeatedly said that "gay marriage" is a state issue. Yet two weeks later, in a House debate, Democrats were calling H.R. 3313, which returned the question of "gay marriage" to the states, a lot of bad names. The bill would, they said, desecrate and circumvent the Constitution.

Our written Constitution is as clear as Justice Roberts feared, but we are not following it. We are following an unwritten constitution that calls for judicial supremacy. Judicial supremacy is the view that the Supreme Court is first among equals. The Court decides most of the important questions—from electing a president to campaign-finance regulations to how to treat Guantanamo Bay detainees—and all of the cultural hot-button issues, from abortion to school prayer to flag-burning.

The Judiciary Act of 1789 created the lower federal courts and gave them jurisdiction in diversity cases. The act did not allow a citizen to go into a federal district court to present a claim arising under federal law and the Constitution—what are called "federal-question cases." Those cases were decided by the state courts and could be appealed to the Supreme Court. Congress did not give the federal district courts power to hear federal-question cases until 1875. The Supreme Court can hear appeals from the state courts, as noted by Justice Roberts, "with such exceptions and regulations as Congress shall make." Federal courts cannot hear a case if the case does not

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fall within the authority granted by Congress.

Many Americans are surprised to learn that, according to the Constitution, Congress has control over what the Court can hear. Instead, we are operating under a frame of government in which the Supreme Court decides most important questions. Why have we placed such power in an unelected judiciary?

There seem to be two groups that benefit from this arrangement. Criminals, prisoners, pornographers, atheists, homosexuals, anti-crèchists, illegal aliens, and Indians get better results from the Court than they ever could from a legislature. But they do not have the political clout necessary to impose judicial supremacy on us.

The Framers worried that the branches would seek to expand their power. They never dreamed that the legislative branch would divest itself of its basic powers.

The Congress, however, benefits not from the decisions themselves—many congressmen might even disagree with them—but from the fact that the Court is making them. The Constitution grants Congress power to control both domestic and foreign affairs. However, Congress prefers not to exercise its powers, because exercising its power on controversial issues leads to losing elections. The unelected court can deal with the domestic problems, and the president can deal with the foreign ones. And the Court and the president were willing to take on the new power. Congress successfully used its dominant power to protect its members by rearranging the constitutional roles: In 2002, of the 386 incumbent representatives who ran for reelection against nonincumbents, all but four won.

The Framers made no provision to sanction Congress for not using its powers. They worried that the branches would seek to *expand* their power. They never dreamed that one branch, would divest itself of its basic powers.

The current state of affairs is very dangerous. Congress allows the president and the Supreme Court to run unchecked, undermining the system of checks and balances. For example, the September 11 Commission Report holds Congress largely responsible for the government's poor intelligence performance—which has been wrong on every major issue for the last 20 years—because of its weak oversight.

The use of the Court to deal with controversial issues removes those issues from the democratic process. The Court is forced to take sides in the culture war. Its decision brings into play all the federal government's power to force one side's views on the other.

When Rep. John Hostettler (R-IN) introduced H.R. 3313, he concluded that it must be obvious to anyone who reads the Constitution "that Congress can do it . . . the question today is should Congress." The Court checks the Congress and the President, but who checks the Court? Committee Chairman James Sensenbrenner (R-WI) noted:

> Far from violating separation of powers the bill is an exercise of one of the very checks and balances provided for in the Constitution. No branch of the Federal Government can be entrusted with absolute power, and certainly not a handful of Federal judges who are appointed for life. The Constitution allows an exercise of judicial power but it does not grant the Federal Courts unchecked power to define the limits of its own power.

The Democrats in the House Judiciary Committee denied that Congress has such power. Rep. John Conyers (D-MI), after Hostettler had explained Article III, stated he was "in some state of shock." He asked if any research had been done. Hostettler replied that his main research was "to read the Constitution." Conyers replied "Well, we have established then my friend, two things, that one, you could read, and two, that you have read the Constitution."

Rep. Jerry Nadler (D-NY) argued that Congress did not have the power to limit the Court's jurisdiction because, if it did, the state courts would have the last word, and we might have a patchwork quilt of 50 different interpretations of what federal law is. Specifically, some states would rule the 1996 Defense of Marriage Act constitutional, while others—wanting to have "gay marriage" from other states imposed on them—would deem it unconstitutional. That is true—but is it disturbing? Justice Brandeis called the states the laboratories of democracy, where different approaches could be tried so that we could figure out what we are comfortable with. In any case, the matter is within the control of Congress. It may find some diversity to be a good thing, and, whenever it believes uniformity appropriate, Congress can restore federal judicial authority. Nadler judged H.R. 3313 to be clearly "unconstitutional," "discriminatory," and "dangerous nonsense": "We are playing with fire, Mr. Chairman, and the fire could destroy this nation." Rep. Peter King (R-NY) supported the bill: "If Congress is not the check on the overreach of power by the judiciary, where is it? I will say Congress is the check. . . . [W]e absolutely do not want to see Massachusetts law imposed on the entire United States of America." Rep. Tom Feeney (R-FL) agreed with King, noting that some might prefer to live under Platonic Guardians, but he does not:

> Now, if you want to live under philosopher kings making your laws for you, if you believe oligarchy is a great form of government, that is a different position. Plato, for example, in The Republic suggested that is a great way to be governed; but it is not our form of Government, and thank God it is not.
>
> I will say that if the people of Massachusetts want to live under a judicial oligarchy, as Lincoln said, if they have decided to cease to become their own rulers, there is probably not much we can do to save the people of Massachusetts. But at least with respect to protecting the definition of marriage, Mr. Hostettler's good bill will give us the right in 49 other States to preserve the democratic principle that our State legislatures and not the Massachusetts justices get to define what marriage means.

The main Democratic opposition came from Representatives Nadler and Anthony Weiner of New York. Weiner said

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that *Marbury* v. *Madison* means that the Court has the power to review all acts of Congress for constitutionality and that the other branches must follow the Court's interpretation. In *Marbury*, Justice Marshall, of course, did not claim that authority—he just said that, when a case is properly brought before the Supreme Court, the Court could decide whether a statute is within Congress's authority. The people and the Constitution are the principal, he said, and the Court has to determine if Congress, the agent, has stayed within its granted authority. Thomas Jefferson agreed that the Court should interpret the Constitution when necessary to decide cases properly brought before it. His tripartite theory held that each branch interpreted the Constitution for its own purposes, but none could interpret for any other. The three branches, in case of disagreement, would have to compromise their differences. The country, because of the separation of powers, needs all three to be in agreement to move forward. Weiner considered Jefferson's approach inefficient. In his view, the Supreme Court rules, and we obey. "[W]ithout this interpretation and without this ruling, virtually there is no place the buck stops":

> at the end of the day, the threshold test of whether something is violative of the Constitution of the United States of America only can be handled one of two ways: The courts rule that it is or is not, or an overwhelming majority of American citizens change the Constitution.

The majority, in Weiner's view, was trying to create a third choice—a statute that the Supreme Court could not review. The Court, according to Weiner, is supposed to be the decisive part of our process. If this is not the case, "the Supreme Court can choose one President, [and] Congress can choose a different President." If the Court does not have the authority to settle the dispute, "you have a constitutional crisis." Of course, from a Jeffersonian viewpoint, if the Supreme Court is choosing the president, we already have a constitutional crisis.

The majority did not take the Jeffersonian tripartite view. The "court is the *final* authority on issues it decides," said Rep. Spencer Bachus (R-AL), but Congress had to grant the Court the "authority to hear the issue in the first place." To the majority, the Court is still supreme, but Congress has to give it authority to hear the issue. To Weiner, the Court is supreme without respect to what Congress does, because "there has to be some arbiter."

A constitutional crisis does loom over H.R. 3313, however. Congress could pass its law limiting the jurisdiction of the Court. What if the Court found the limiting law to be unconstitutional? Would that, in Judge Bork's words, "be the end of the matter"? Or would that be the beginning of a true constitutional crisis?

We could also slip into a crisis sideways. Toward the end of the debate, Mr. Nadler startled the majority by claiming that their bill, if passed, would have no effect on the "gay marriage" issue—it was a "big zero," it would do "zilch." Suppose a homosexual couple, said Nadler, gets "married" in Massachusetts and moves to New York. One dies intestate, and the issue goes to the New York Surrogates Court. The court has two choices: It can find the marriage valid on the ground that New York has no public-policy exception. (Out-of-state marriages are generally recognized under the Full Faith and Credit Clause unless a state has a public-policy exception—*e.g.*, the out-of-state marriage is bigamous or incestuous.) That would be the end of the matter, since New York is free under H.R. 3313 to recognize the Massachusetts "marriage" if it so desires. However, what if the court finds the "marriage" invalid because the state has a public-policy exception? The "spouse" then goes over to the Federal court but does not make a Full Faith and Credit claim because that would run him up against the barrier of H.R. 3313. Instead, the spouse claims New York's ruling violates the Constitution's Equal Protection or Due Process Clauses. The federal court and the Supreme Court would hear the claim, according to Mr. Nadler, and could decide that New York's public-policy exception against "gay marriage" violates equal protection. Then New York would have to recognize the Massachusetts "marriage." The federal courts, in other words, could just skin the cat in a different way. The majority, *via* Representative Hostettler, replied: "You are telling us that Congress cannot do those things that the court doesn't want it to do."

The use of the Supreme Court to deal with controversial issues removes those issues from the democratic process.

If the Court, after Congress made it unmistakably clear (by enacting H.R. 3313) that Massachusetts law is not to be imposed on the rest of the states, went ahead and did so, it would be firing the first volley in a constitutional war. The Court would have to consider that Congress has a pretty big arsenal for such a conflict. The Court, if it took Alexander Hamilton's advice, would not risk the battle. The fact that the Court "has no influence over sword or purse" and "must ultimately depend upon the aid of the executive arm" for the enforcement of its judgments, Hamilton wrote in *Federalist* 78, "proves incontestably that the judiciary is beyond comparison the weakest of the three departments of power; that it can never attack with success either of the other two and that all possible care is requisite to enable it to defend itself against their attacks."

H.R. 3313 passed the House 233-192. The *New York Times* editorialized the next day that the House vote was an "assault on the federal judiciary" and "an outrage." According to the *Washington Post*, it is DOA in the Senate. The *Post* may be right in its political prediction, but why should it be? Now that their constitutional amendment has been defeated, President Bush and the Republicans should support the bill since it is the only way to keep "gay marriage" off the Supreme Court's docket. Otherwise, we would have to conclude, their advocacy of the amendment—which they knew could not pass—was insincere.

Senators Kerry and Edwards and the rest of the "states'-rights Democrats" should support H.R. 3313 because it does exactly what they said—just a few weeks ago—is the right thing to do. Otherwise, we would have to think that their states'-rights rhetoric was a ruse to cover up a pro-"gay marriage" position that they were too diffident to express directly.

Even if both President Bush and Senators Kerry and Edwards have been kidding us, however, the House passage of H.R. 3313 may be the first robin of a new spring.

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What? Are You Crazy?

The Screening of America

by B.K. Eakman

A nationwide initiative has been quietly in the making since 2002. Conceived in Texas, apparently with President George W. Bush's enthusiastic blessing, there are now some 27 sites around the country piloting various parts of it. Nationally, however, the proposed legislation earned barely a blip on the radar screen—the project is so hush-hush that two officials were sacked for speaking to the press about it—until mid-July, when the House Appropriations Committee approved $20 million in new federal monies to begin nationwide implementation.

The New Freedom Initiative is a plan to screen the *entire U.S. population* for mental illness and to provide a cradle-to-grave continuum of services for those identified as either mentally ill or at risk of becoming so. Under the plan, schools would become hubs of the screening process—not only for children but for their parents and teachers. There are even components aimed at senior citizens, pregnant women, and new mothers.

In April 2002, President Bush established the New Freedom Commission on Mental Health to conduct a "comprehensive study of the United States mental health service delivery system." The commission issued its recommendations in July 2003, chief among them being that schools are in a "key position" to screen the 52 million students and 6 million adults who work at educational facilities.

The precursor endeavor, the Texas Medication Algorithm Project (TMAP), was a trial balloon, not a pilot program. This means a start-up venture (usually confined to one town or state) to assess the amount and type of resistance to an idea. TMAP started in 1995 as an alliance of individuals from the pharmaceutical industry, the University of Texas, and the mental-health and corrections systems of Texas. Recently, the New Freedom Commission designated TMAP a "model" medication-treatment plan, whereupon President Bush instructed more than 25 federal agencies to develop a nationwide "implementation plan."

TMAP was funded through a Robert Wood Johnson Foundation grant—and several drug companies that stand to gain billions of dollars. The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation is the philanthropic (read: p.r.) arm of the Johnson & Johnson medical-supply/household-products empire and a major player in promoting controversial prevention curricula in schools.

Here, the plot begins to thicken. TMAP promotes the use of newer, more expensive antidepressants and antipsychotic drugs. For that reason, the commission's nationwide version of the proposal sent up red flags in the Pennsylvania Office of the Inspector General. OIG employee Allen Jones essentially blew the whistle when he revealed that key officials had received money and perks from drug companies with a stake in TMAP. Some members of the New Freedom Commission had served on advisory boards for pharmaceutical companies whose products were being recommended. Other members had indirect ties to TMAP. Jones was sacked in May for speaking to the *British Medical Journal* and the *New York Times*.

"TMAP," said Jones, "arose during a period of decreased FDA oversight and vastly increased sophistication in pharmaceutical industry marketing practices. These practices aggressively pursued favorable public and professional 'opinion' through media promotion and biased reporting of drug trial results."

Between 1995 and 1999, the use of antidepressants by 7- to 12-year-olds increased 151 percent—and 580 percent for children under 6, *with some as young as 5 committing suicide*. The issue of coercive child-drugging in public schools is so contentious that the U.S. House of Representatives passed the Child Medication Safety Act in May 2003 to prevent schools from intimidating parents into drugging their youngsters as a condition of attending school. The bill is now being debated in the Senate.

Yet, here comes the New Freedom Commission, linking screening "with state-of-the art treatment and supports."

At a time when Congress and the FDA are questioning the role of many antidepressants in suicide and violent aggression, legislation that would target even more children and adults for unproved, radical psychotropic-drug therapies is highly suspect.

Take, for example, Olanzapine (trade name Zyprexa), one of the newer antipsychotic drugs recommended in the Texas plan. It is Eli Lilly's top seller. A 2003 *New York Times* article by Gardiner Harris reported that 70 percent of Olanzapine sales already are paid for by government agencies, such as Medicare and Medicaid.

Eli Lilly has multiple ties to the Bush administration. George Bush, Sr., was a member of Lilly's board of directors. Lilly made $1.6 million in political contributions in 2000—82 percent of which went to George W. Bush and the Republican Party. President Bush appointed Lilly's chief executive officer, Sidney Taurel, to a seat on the Homeland Security Council.

During his 2000 presidential campaign, Bush boasted of his support for Texas' TMAP project, without saying exactly how it worked or the role he envisioned for it nationally. Instead, he bragged that the legislation he passed expanded Medicaid coverage of psychotropic drugs.

Leaving aside questions of political profiteering and conflict of interest, let us examine the initiative itself.

President Bush appears to agree with the New Freedom Commission's findings that mental illness is pervasive and that aggressive, early screening and intervention are the only means of keeping it at bay. The President's commission also adds that removal of stigma is key to the success of the initiative, but stig-

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B.K. Eakman, a former teacher, is executive director of the National Education Consortium, a columnist, and author of two best-selling books on education policy.

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ma will, in fact, be heightened as the hapless young "patient" moves into the workforce and the nursing home. He will be permanently classified as "at risk" and tracked for a lifetime by government agencies.

Dr. Darrel Regier, director of research at the American Psychiatric Association, has, of course, lauded the President's initiative. Kevin P. Dwyer, president of the National Association of School Psychologists, and Dr. Graham Emslie, who helped develop the Texas project, are typical defenders of early, mass screening. This "valuable information [is] almost impossible to obtain from any other source," Dwyer once complained. True, most adults would see right through such attempts. That is why he worries that the flood of lawsuits from parents over invasive, personal test questions under the cover of academic testing (in Virginia, Arizona, Utah, and Pennsylvania, among other states) might result in a negative court ruling that would prompt legislators to nix all psychological surveys in schools.

Special interests as well as various social-service agencies and universities all pitch "prevention" programs (many of them quasipolitical, such as those on AIDS awareness) to federal agencies in an effort to get tell-all polls into America's classrooms. Most are "What would you do if . . . ?" questionnaires and self-reports that focus on sex, race, depression, drugs, and parents. These surveys are followed by a smorgasbord of nonacademic programs. The rationale is that it is in the best interests of the child and society to "[create] a State-level structure for school-based mental health services to provide consistent State-level leadership and collaboration between education, general health, and mental health systems." The enabling vehicle for the New Freedom Initiative is the No Child Left Behind Act, ostensibly to "fulfill the promise of NCLB . . . by remov[ing] the emotional, behavioral, and academic barriers that interfere with student success in school."

According to the commission, large numbers of children are expelled from preschools and childcare facilities for disruptive behaviors and emotional disorders. But are they? Thanks to the Individuals With Disabilities Education Act (IDEA), most are placed right back in the classroom, no matter how disruptive or disturbing their behavior. School officials are reluctant to lose precious state funding by showing miscreants the door. As for parents who send their kids to school already disciplined and ready to learn, nobody cares. Social policy is geared to the negligent and irresponsible, not to the upstanding and dependable.

The commission seeks not only to assess youngsters but "to expand school mental health programs and evaluate parents"—through Parts B and C of IDEA.

The commission advocates examining parents and homes for anything that might point to a "physical or mental condition [with] a high probability of resulting in a [child's] developmental delay"—something way beyond the present capabilities of the mental-health profession—beginning with a mandatory Nurse-Family Partnership component.

Why the extraordinary emphasis on parents? The commission and, indeed, most of the mental-health community believe that mental "disorders" of parents occurring before children reach the age of six "can interfere with critical emotional, cognitive, and physical development, and portend a lifetime of problems in school, at home, and in the community." Therefore, "treating the parents' mental health problems also benefits the child."

"Treating parents" means psychotherapy and drugs, and the initiative calls for a mandate to provide "social and emotional check-ups" in all primary healthcare facilities. This means parents are supposed to be surreptitiously assessed for mental "illness" every time they walk into their physician's office.

Have policymakers learned nothing from the holocaust, the old Soviet Union's "psychiatric hospitals," or, more recently, South Africa's so-called "mental institutions," where political dissidents were routinely "re-educated" and/or tortured?

The New Freedom Initiative is a plan to screen the entire U.S. population for mental illness.

Recall that the President appointed Eli Lilly's chief executive officer to a seat on the Homeland Security Council. Even if one believes that George W. Bush has no intention of abusing the concept of Homeland Security as an instrument of political correctness, who is to say that some future administration will not? Already, the PATRIOT Act is vastly altering the civil rights American citizens previously took for granted.

If you think the "coercion" scenario is too strong, consider: In August 2003, the National Institute of Mental Health and the National Science Foundation announced the results of their $1.2 million taxpayer-funded study. It stated, essentially, that traditionalists are mentally disturbed. Scholars from the Universities of Maryland, California at Berkeley, and Stanford had determined that social conservatives, in particular, suffer from "mental rigidity," "dogmatism," and "uncertainty avoidance," together with associated indicators for mental illness. Some conservatives and political pundits chortled over the so-called study, but the fact remains that nothing marginalizes a person faster today than a suggestion of being mentally unbalanced. The 20-year-long practice of psychographic (emotional-attitudinal) profiling under the cover of academic testing in schools is already intimidating conservative and Christian students and their parents into silence.

FDR's food-stamp program was a temporary response to the Depression. By 1974, every state was required to participate in the program, creating a nationwide mandate. The New Freedom Mental Health Initiative is following the same route, state by state, beginning with Illinois' passage of copycat legislation, the Children's Mental Health Act, requiring (as of August 31, 2004) compulsory mental-health screening for children and pregnant women through Illinois' educational system. Between child-welfare agencies and schools, government is legislatively usurping more and more of parents' prerogatives—and teachers' time—forcing the mental evaluation of all minor children.

Sacked whistleblower Allen Jones estimates that, if the plan were implemented nationwide, the annual costs to Medicaid programs would be approximately $3.7 billion per year to treat *one psychiatric disorder alone*. That means over ten million dollars per day just in Medicaid expenditures, not to mention the additional burden on teachers and schools.

Do we want our lawmakers even touching this initiative?

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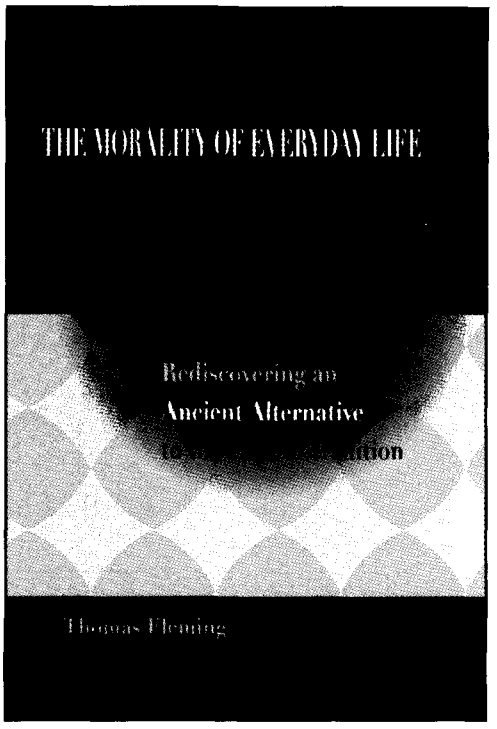

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"Writing much more accessibly and knowledgeably than most modern professional philosophers, Fleming revivifies the body of thought with which civilization was created and without which it is disintegrating."

—Ray Olson
Booklist

The Morality of Everyday Life: Rediscovering an Ancient Alternative to the Liberal Tradition

by Thomas Fleming

What passes for conservatism today is really nothing more than the impossible moral and social theories of the Renaissance and Enlightenment, in which universal abstractions, such as democracy and equality, are presented as hard truths, when, in fact, they have never existed in any society in human history. Nonetheless, they are to be applied worldwide, at the tip of a spear (or cruise missile) if necessary. Dr. Fleming's alternative is rooted in "everyday life," the local realities of blood and soil, custom and tradition, friendship and faith, and in the wisdom born of the experiences these realities beget. This wisdom finds expression in folktales and fables, in ancient Hebrew Scriptures and Greek philosophy, and in medieval casuistry. It is the method to solving ethical problems great and small, and it is the method that undergirds authentic conservatism.

The Morality of Everyday Life Order Form (please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery)

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The Big Bore of Arkansas

by James O. Tate

"'Jour printer, by trade; do a little in patent medicines; theatre-actor—tragedy, you know; take a turn at mesmerism and phrenology when there's a chance; teach singing—geography school for a change; sling a lecture, sometimes—oh, I do lots of things—most anything that comes in handy, so it ain't work. What's your lay?'"
—The Duke, *Huckleberry Finn*

Ric Flair: To Be the Man
by Ric Flair
New York: Pocket Books;
332 pp., $26.00

American Evita: Hillary Clinton's Path to Power
by Christopher Andersen
New York: William Morrow;
292 pp., $29.95

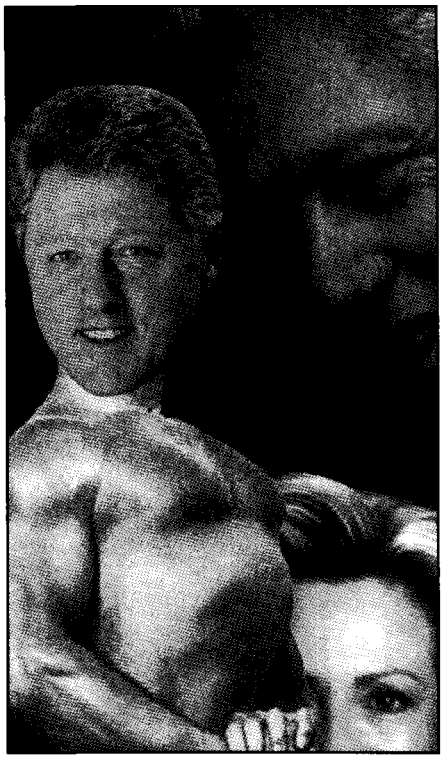
Rewriting History
by Dick Morris with Eileen McGann
New York: ReganBooks;
304 pp., $24.95

My Life
by Bill Clinton
New York: Alfred A. Knopf;
957 pp., $35.00

◆

Now, the first book I want to mention, which is also the best book I scanned, has merits beyond its own intrinsic and immediate appeal. Ric Flair's *To Be the Man* tells the story of a boy from Memphis (just across the Big Muddy from Arkansas) who will never find out with certainty who his biological parents were. He was adopted in corrupt circumstances by kind and cultured Minnesotans but could not relate to the demands of conventional life, and his parents had the wisdom to let him go his own way.

James O. Tate teaches English at Dowling College on Long Island.



H. Ward Sterett

By coincidence, he soon found himself in the world of professional wrestling, and Richard Morgan Fliehr became Ric Flair, the Nature Boy, one of the greatest stars of that flamboyant form of folk theater. Before his first match, Ric Flair did not know whether the contests were fixed or not. For more than three decades, he says, he has done his all to make his opponents look good and to satisfy the public.

The part of professional wrestling that I like is not the "athleticism" or the gay-pride-parade fashions, but the threats, brags, and vaunts. No one ever did this better than Ric Flair, not even his friends and competitors, such as Rowdy Roddy Piper or Dusty Rhodes, the American Dream. Through his rhetoric, not all of it scripted, Ric Flair connects with the roots of American culture in frontier legend. The bragging and taunts of Mike Fink and Davy Crockett, and of the stranger in Thomas Bangs Thorpe's "The Big Bear of Arkansas," ring in our ears, whether we know it or not. By the time Ric Flair had transformed the tropes of natural energy, violence, and rage into his own act, he was in a tuxedo, drinking champagne and literally smelling the roses with a camera in his face. Taunting Macho Man Randy Savage, Ric Flair would let fly his trademarked howl, "Woooooo!" as he trashed his latest victim. Years later, perhaps his greatest inspiration was his extemporaneous response to stories about drugs in the wrestling world. There was mention of addiction and deaths, but all Ric had to say was, "I *am* the drug!" Yeah, baby.

Now, one reason that Ric Flair didn't need drugs, besides his being the Nature Boy, was that he put away so much booze. For years, he drank a hundred kamikazes a week, and that was only as a foundation for more ingestions of controlled substances. I think we can see that, burning with such a hard, gem-like flame, Ric needed a boost just to maintain an even strain, as they say. And that wasn't all. Trying to live up to his persona in the squared circle, Ric also cut a swath through the female population of various metropolitan areas, hosting parties that lasted for 72 hours and generally just carrying on. Woooooo!

Essentially absent for years from his first marriage, Ric was actually surprised when his wife left him; now he knows she was justified in doing so. His sec-

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ond marriage has been a much happier one, and Ric Flair today is devoted to his family. He has also survived riots, a plane crash and a broken back, financial and political skullduggery, and crises of confidence and health. His account of himself is extended and absorbing, and I found it as impossible to resist the insidious charm of "Slick Ric" on the page as on the tube. I wondered if there might be any other imposing tricksters around, though. There is something fascinating about the "Slick" effect altogether, the buncombe of the confidence man, the extravagances of the Duke and the Dauphin, and all the resonances thereof. I had not heard the last of that, I hoped, strictly from the World Wrestling Entertainment, Inc. Was there perhaps another arena of erotic chaos, political theater, and imposing fraud?

Bingo! Yes, there was! And where was this, you ask? Why, right on your television set—where reality is these days, I hasten to reply. And that brings me to the second-best book at which I sneaked a peekaloo.

Not that there is anything second rate about Christopher Andersen's *American Evita*—quite the contrary. It's just hard to compete with Ric Flair, though I must say that, what with her dye-job, Hillary does have in common with the Nature Boy a certain peroxide quality. And a popeyed or exophthalmic aspect, as well, especially when he gets hostile—but I digress, as who in his right mind would wish to dwell on the junior senatrix from the Big Apple when he could instead concentrate on the glamorous Slick Ric? But as Miniseries Rodham Clinton has herself declared, "When I look at what's available in the man department, I'm surprised more women aren't gay." That's an interesting formulation, as much as for what it suggests as for what it reveals. It naturally suggests not only, "When I look at what's available in the woman department, I'm surprised more men aren't gay," but, "When I remember the Clinton cabinet, all the women were gay," as well as, "When I look at what's available in the senator department, the leading candidate is butch," not to mention, "When I look at the wife department, I'm not surprised Bill did so many skanks." Woooooo!

To give credit where credit is due, I must say that Christopher Andersen's book is the most incisive treatment of the Hillary Problem that I have seen. I think that, in the future, this book will be remembered as a valuable or even invaluable supplement or calibrated contradiction to *Living History*, Miseries Rodham Clinton's leaden autohagiography. Andersen's book is a chronological index of the gaps or yawning chasms between what Ms. Rodham/Mrs. Clinton has said and done, and what she has pretended to have said and done. With commendable clarity and without wasted words, Andersen provides an account of a lifetime of political obsession, overweening vanity, and ruthless mendacity.

It would be hard to say what the best part of Andersen's book is, since it is all of a piece. I rather fancied three aspects, myself: the emphasis on the early radical left-wing associations; the specifics about Clinton's womanizing, with an update to 2004; and the extended, documented portrayal of Hillie as a foul-mouthed harridan.

I would have to rank Dick Morris's book, which he wrote with his wife—she holds the copyright, by the way—as inferior in quality to Christopher Andersen's treatment of much of the same material. Morris has organized his book, as the title suggests, as a refutation of the Rodham-Clinton *Living History*, and I do like the result. After all, nobody knows more about the Clintons than Dick Morris. Has anyone spent so many hours with them over two decades, listening to their temper tantrums, enduring actual physical assault, and precisely measuring their hypocrisy? That was Dick Morris's function for many years, as their political advisor and pollster. Morris was responsible for much of the successful Clinton strategies of "triangulation" and equivocation and victimization, as they were played out for years. And today, we often see Dick Morris on the tube, where he dispenses remarkable amoral insights into the dynamics of politics. So there is no question about the level of his knowledge or understanding—but there is a question about the quality of his writing.

Morris's book reminds me of an 11th-grade term paper in its organization and clunkiness. Perhaps worse is its stop-go rhetoric of self-contradiction. Hillary has a bad side and a good side: Which will prevail when (not if) she becomes president? The botched opportunity is too bad—there are many valuable things in *Rewriting History*, which provides the best deconstruction of her myth and her book that I have seen. (Morris insists that Hillary knew all about Monica: Her insistence on shock and surprise never did compute.) Dick Morris, with his sense of her character and his analytic ability, has zeroed in on her lies with impressive force. And, as he recites the lists of her deceptions deadpan, he also rises to comic heights. The problem is that one part of his book does not know what the other part is doing.

That would not be the problem with Bill Clinton's little puff piece about what a great guy he is, as one part of his book knows all too well what the other part is doing—namely, justifying it by cross-referencing. This effort at self-justification leads to stultification rather rapidly, as Bill can rarely leave well enough alone—he has to qualify everything by "relating" to it. Example: He likes New Orleans and remembers it. As a boy, he met Al Hirt, who was nice to him and his mother. Later, when Bill was in the White House, Al Hirt died, so he wrote the widow, expressing his gratitude for that kindness of many years before. Now, what story did he omit to get the Hirt story in, and can we stand any more of this kind of excitement? Reading a page of this tome can be unpleasant is the simplest sense. The writing is off-putting, systematically. The result is mostly a pain in the neck, if not a pain somewhere else.

But Little Billy Boo Boo (the double or triple diminutive expresses even more familiar affection) has no worries about writing often in a neurotic and effeminate manner. (The first printing of his book was soon sold out at one-and-a-half million copies, and his advance of $12 million has long since been banked.) I wonder if the customers got their money's worth, and I doubt it. But what readers or consumers were looking for is a subject to which we shall return.

Bubba's book has already been called the greatest of presidential memoirs, though I do not know of any such exercise from the pen of Georgie Washington, Johnny Adams, Tommy Jefferson, Jimbo Madison, or Little Jimmy Monroe. In the first place, this autonarrative of prevarication and self-adulation is not really about politics or history but self-justification and self-absorption. No one ever picked this book up for much relating to this country in its civic aspect, but rather for much else relating to its psychic aspect. I may have been the only reader who was not let down by the absence of the sex-babble

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that has entertained the country for years. Now why did Bill not want to go there?

There was plenty of other blather to go around. The most remarkable thing about this bloated autopuff is the openness of the author's contempt for his background. Bizarrely enough, though the narrator is a country boy from Arkansas who just naturally loves everybody as an individual, he despises them as a group for being Republicans, segregationists, racists, and reactionaries. This contradiction cannot be resolved and is sustained throughout the book, as throughout the author's life. It is a mystery as to how Bill, through sheer intuition, not only knew he would be president but began by holding in contempt all the politics of his environment. By the time he was a young adult, Bill was already committed to a slate of left-wing political positions that lead him to much back-formation. He is against Senator McCarthy, for example, through the dates are a bit out of whack, and, as a student in England, visited Marx's grave in Hyde Park—an odd thing to do, and an even odder one to cite.

One example of what the suckers stood in line for at the mall is an example as well of Bill's failure as a writer. The story of Gennifer Flowers is structured in a way that provides to these satchel-footed pages some welcome, though unintended, comic relief. Bill tells the story as an episode of his persecution by mean-spirited Republicans, but, having forgotten exactly what he was repressing, he lets in an uh-oh at the last minute, without having established a context. By his own account, six years after the stories were circulated, he had to admit in 1998 that he . . . uh . . . that the mean-spirited Republicans were right! I insist that this is a failure of writing more than of integrity. Where is the episode in chronological—not Republican—order, when he first laid eyes on the curvaceous Miss Flowers ("Whoa! Cut me a piece of that!"), or the ensuing 12 years of intermittent bliss? (You can cross-check the resultant abortion in Andersen's book, page 64.)

The brilliance of my many astute observations notwithstanding, I do not think that we can reach the root of the Clinton phenomenon without turning our backs on politics in order to scan American folklore, popular culture, and literature. Hillary Rodham first heard Bill Clinton as he was discoursing on the virtues of his home state, among which were the production of "the biggest watermelons in the world"—a phrase I regard as significant, not silly. For one thing, it sounds like the florid braggadocio that animates "The Big Bear of Arkansas." It connects to the tradition of American oratory in its most humorous and even grotesque mode, and to the politics that is connected to it—the politics of grotesque humor and of the people's understanding of electioneering as a crude form of folk theater, like revival meetings and professional wrestling. The roughnecks of the country were nothing without their vaunts, and Mike Fink competed homerically with Davy Crockett in the laying down of challenges. Everything is done with a wink, as from various populists of a century and a half-century ago on the political hustings, and as in items of popular culture we remember from Will Rogers, Amos 'n' Andy, and even Pogo. Bill Clinton likes to associate himself with Abe Lincoln and Frankie Roosevelt, but he has more in common with the Duke and the Dauphin and the

Kingfish and Algonquin J. Calhoun. Yes, Senator Bilbo and his ilk gave us, through Fred Allen, Senator Claghorn—and that wasn't such a bad deal. From that image, we got Foghorn Leghorn.

Now, I am not saying that I think that Bill Clinton is funny, except in the sense of being a grotesque trickster figure who has made a fool out of the nation on numerous occasions. What I am saying is that Bill Clinton misunderstands himself and, therefore, leads others, perhaps not always deliberately, to misunderstand him. In other words, Wild Bill doesn't make political sense, but he does make folkloric sense. He is the country hick become the city slicker talking like a country hick. He hawks the line of the Communist Party of the 30's, but in the mawkish tones of Baptist piety. He is the salesman with his eye on the farmer's daughter, and she's looking back. I see him as a Rip van Winkle who escaped "petticoat government" not by magical sleep but by other magic we do not need to dwell on. I see him as schizophrenically torn—a Brom Bones pretending to be, or actually mistaking himself as, Ichabod Crane. I see him as a Crockett: not the sacrificial hero but the phony anti-Jacksonian with the extravagant campaign autobiography, flaunting his accent and coonskin cap to fool the rubes—and himself. Deep down, the American people have always known, particularly when he started dropping his g's, that Clinton was a hustler, a liar with a way about him. Yet he did know enough not to talk about balancing the budget but actually to do it—as in a poker game, also part of the frontier tradition. The best bluff is no bluff at all—but you have to set it up. Read 'em and weep, Republicans.

But not understanding himself, Billy Boy is in no position to write a monster book about the wonder of him. I was incredulous for a while, until I realized that this Rhodes Scholar is no scholar at all. His attention to his intellectual growth is embarrassingly miniscule because it never happened, and here he does not compare well—indeed at all—to Benjie Franklin or Tommy Jefferson. (He harps on music all the time, but almost always cites the trashy pop variety.) But the reader would have avoided frustration had the author simply addressed truth, instead of elaborating absurd pretense. Where is the frontier sense of humor, except here and there a prissy reflection on life's little ironies? How about the President of the United States getting serviced in the White House while he was on the phone discussing military appropriations? That wasn't a horse laugh, a big dirty joke on everybody? No? Another moving story about his sensitivity to minority concerns instead, then? (Just the thing the book doctor ordered!)

A rogue is a rogue, but a rascal is not necessarily an author—except as a rascal. Bill does not cut it as a *savant* or a *philosophe*, but, having attempted to disrupt the coronation of John Kerry with the timing of his publication, he has filled his pages with fulsome praise of his wife's political genius. Slick Willie want squaw Chief—she head many committee. He writes as though he is being blackmailed, or, as a parodist, like Patrick Dennis inscribing *Little Me* or *First Lady*. We have gone from "The Big Bear of Arkansas" to "the Big Boar" (snork, snork), and now "the Big Bore." Slick Ric better than Slick Willie—no speak with forked tongue.

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Red Star at Morning

by Sue Huck

Alger Hiss' Looking-Glass Wars: The Covert Life of a Soviet Spy
by G. Edward White
New York: Oxford University Press; 297 pp., $30.00

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This book, the work of a professor at the University of Virginia School of Law, is an attempt to fathom the Alger Hiss phenomenon by a man whose father-in-law was among Hiss's defense lawyers from 1948 to 1950 and who remained for years a quiet believer in the innocence of his client. Hiss died in 1996 at 92, still seeking "vindication" and insisting on public acknowledgement that he was wrongly judged. His half-century campaign of obfuscations, alleged frame-ups and cover-ups, alternative scenarios, *ad hominem* assaults, and small victories add up to a tedious battle of attrition. The author saves the best for last: the documented chatter among the Soviet controllers of this American spy and traitor, as unearthed in Moscow's archives. Between pages 223 and 235, Alger Hiss blossoms forth in Technicolor, rendering 50 years of mendacity unworthy of any further serious consideration.

For those unfamiliar with the dreary tale, Alger Hiss was an official of the federal government who began spying for Soviet military intelligence (GRU) in the early 1930's. Although he was exposed in 1938 by Whittaker Chambers, the courier who carried his intelligence harvest to his Soviet spymasters, nothing came of the event. Hiss quickly moved upward in the State Department, accompanying President Franklin D. Roosevelt to the Yalta Conference in 1945.

Shocking as it ought to seem, the Roosevelt administration was comfortable with communists, including spies. The President's closest aid, Harry Hopkins; another aid, Laughlin Currie; and top Treasury official Harry Dexter White were Soviet spies. Henry Wallace, vice president of the United States during Roosevelt's third term, was surrounded by active agents. In 1948, Wallace was basically Stalin's candidate for president of the United States when he ran for that office on the ticket of the communist-run Progressive Party. First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt delighted in the company of communist agents such as Joe and Trudi Lash. (Moscow asked Mrs. Lash formally to recruit the President's wife, but she remained merely a volunteer "agent of influence.")

Hundreds of other servitors of Stalin infested New Deal agencies. There was simply no political will in the Roosevelt administration to remove them from the federal government.

Professor White addresses three questions: Why did Alger Hiss turn traitor? Why did so many people so fiercely defend him? And why did Hiss spend the rest of his life lying about his highly successful career as a spy for Stalin and a traitor to the United States?

The third question scarcely needs to be asked. Spies are directed to deny everything. Every person who could be induced to believe that Alger Hiss was an innocent martyr represented a victory for the communists and a personal victory for Hiss, who took care to deceive even his own son. The second question is meatier, but not difficult to fathom. Defense of Hiss was partisan warfare. Certainly, from the 1930's onward, leftism has been both fashionable and politically potent. Hiss was consistently defended by those who knew and approved of his activities, as well as by those "intellectuals" so accurately described by Lenin as "useful idiots." Both professional Reds and "fellow travelers"—another felicitous communist phrase—spent the second half of the 20th century producing books, articles, plays, films, and television "documentaries" alleging or "proving" the innocence of Alger Hiss. The reader can mine White's endnotes for proper references to great numbers of them. As a shortcut, however, pages 77-78 should be perused for a brisk summary of the story lines that were spun out and embroidered over the years.

Back in the late 1940's, Washington's A-list more or less succumbed to what White's father-in-law termed "the respectability defense," as Hiss attempted to face down the evidence of his espionage. Surely not Alger! And who is that dreadful Chambers creature? Whittaker Chambers was a scruffy nobody of dubious morals. No doubt there was also a subterranean hum: "My God, who else will be exposed. We can't let this go on!"

And let us not overlook, moreover, those of fragile ego. America's academic "tenured left" can never admit, even inwardly, to having been dead wrong about anything. White quotes Thomas Powers, who concluded that "Hiss' support by so many otherwise smart people was one of the great intellectual contortion acts of history." In fact, it was relatively trivial, the greatest contortion act having been to cheerlead for every despot and tyrant of the 20th century who chose to wrap himself in a Red flag.

After an epic two-year legal battle, the gentlemanly government official was convicted only of perjury, the statute of limitations having run out on the charge of espionage.

Now to the first question: Why did Hiss volunteer to serve Stalin in the first place? Alger Hiss was the quintessential WASP, whose only known material reward for his invaluable service to the Soviet Union was a Bokhara rug and a Soviet decoration he could not really show off. The most obvious answer is ideology. Professor White struggles, not quite successfully, to probe deeper.

And so we learn that Hiss's father committed suicide, his mother was bossy, and he could not get away to college but had to settle for hometown Johns Hopkins University, which offered him a scholarship. And White finds Hiss to have been secretive and manipulative in character. These are helpful traits in his chosen field of deception, yet they hardly constitute motivation.

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Clearly, the ideological temper of the times was more to the point. As New Yorkers, the Hisses read Walter Duranty's disinformative dispatches from the Soviet Union in the pages of the *New York Times*. They mingled with fellow Harvard Law graduates who, as Reds, swarmed into Washington after Franklin D. Roosevelt took office in 1933. As Hiss reminisced in the early 1980's, Roosevelt met them daily with the greeting, "Good morning, fellow socialists."

Soon after settling in the capital, Alger and Priscilla Hiss (as well as Alger's brother Donald) were spying for Stalin. Why? Perhaps the better question is, *Why not?* The query is not so flippant as it sounds. Lacking confessions from any of the three, we do not know whether they pondered the pros and cons of espionage as a career move, much less engaged in soul-searching. We do know that their decision involved no substantial loss of time. Stalin's man "J. Peters" had been steered toward, and swiftly recruited, a real prize.

Cheka. NKVD. Terror. Purge. Liquidation. To some people—the Hisses clearly among them—these words symbolized a Better World. A Bright Tomorrow. The New Soviet Man. Yet Stalin's atrocities were at flood tide. In 1934, Hiss, as a member of the Ware cell, was a Department of Agriculture lawyer working to craft New Deal policy for America's farmers. Did Hiss ask himself what, exactly, was meant by the phrase "liquidation of the kulaks as a class"? Stalin's farm policy, initiated in 1929 and still being pursued in 1934, was to kill literally millions of the best farmers in the Soviet Union, to clear the way for collectivization.

As a lawyer, did Hiss question the methodology (torture, confession, execution) of the purge trials? Shall we cross off altruism as a motive? Stalin was allied with Hitler from 1939 to 1941. There goes the "antifascist" excuse.

Stalin became our "glorious ally" after Pearl Harbor but fell into disfavor when he immediately enslaved the nations of Eastern Europe. Far from disapproving of his actions, Alger Hiss was in an excellent position to assist in the oppression of 100 million Europeans.

In the 1980's, Hiss was "asked whether he admired Stalin. 'Oh, yes. In spite of knowing the extent of his crimes, he was very impressive . . . He was decisive, soft-spoken, very clear-headed.'" In other words: a mass-murderer, yes, but aside from that . . .

After attending the February 1945 Yalta Conference with President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Edward Stettinius, Hiss went to Moscow to receive from Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky the Order of the Red Star "for defense of the Soviet Union in both peacetime and wartime." Do we really need to know any more than that?

Sue Huck writes from Washington, D.C.

Sacred Texts '98

by Stephen B. Presser

Reclaiming the American Revolution: The Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions and Their Legacy
by William J. Watkins, Jr.
New York: Palgrave Macmillan for The Independent Institute;
264 pp., $39.95

◆

As readers of this delightfully passionate work will infer, the U.S. Department of Education is unconstitutional. Nevertheless, before it does the country a great service by abolishing itself, the department ought to issue a mandate requiring every secondary school in the nation to adopt the next edition of *Reclaiming the American Revolution* as required reading. Such a directive would violate the principles of state autonomy that the book advocates, but you can't make an omelet without cracking a few eggs.

Mr. Watkins' slim volume (163 pages of text and about 70 pages of notes, appendices, and index), does a truly astonishing job of reviewing the highlights of American history in general and the battles over "federalism"—the proper allocation of responsibility and jurisdiction between the state and federal governments—in particular. Our youth are increasingly ignorant of the basic facts of our country's history, and even adults are generally clueless about the Framers' intentions with regard to the meaning of our Constitution. Watkins offers a remedy. In a work of subtle erudition and yet simple language, he recaptures the sublime understanding of human nature and political science of such late-18th-century geniuses as Madison and Jefferson and makes a powerful case for their relevance to the present day.

The ostensible foci of this book, as indicated in the subtitle, are the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798, drafted respectively by Jefferson and Madison. These measures, passed by the legislatures of the two states, called on their sister states to join in opposition to the federal administration of John Adams. The first third of the book is a review of the measures of the Washington and Adams administrations that so irked the Jeffersonian Republicans, including Alexander Hamilton's scheme for funding the national debt in order to create a class of rich commercial speculators beholden to the central government; the creation of a national bank to aid that class; the making of a treaty with Great Britain that seemed to favor her over France, while failing to redress long-standing American grievances; and the passage of the Alien and Sedition Acts, which greatly expanded the federal government's power to punish crimes, and—to Jefferson and Madison, at least—seemed wrongly and unconstitutionally to restrict freedom of the press.

None of the other states joined Virginia and Kentucky in protest, and the immediate point of the resolves was rendered moot when the Jeffersonian Republicans swept into power in 1800, taking control of the presidency and the Congress and reversing many of the policies and much of the legislation of the previous administrations. Still, as Watkins shows us, the three key principles of what he calls these "sacred texts of 1798"—the compact theory of the Constitution, the locus of ultimate sovereignty, and the proper division of legislative sovereignty—have played a major role throughout most of American history and are ignored today at our peril.

The compact theory holds that the Constitution of 1787 is the result of an agreement among 13 sovereign states, which have the right to secede from the agreement if its terms are not followed. This was the theory invoked, for example, by the New England states when they resisted Jefferson's embargo, by South Carolina when she resisted the tariff of abominations, and, of course, by the Southern states when they sought to secede from the union following the election of Abraham Lincoln. One could quibble over the validity of the compact theory—and, indeed, Supreme Court Justice Joseph Story, in his seminal *Commentaries on the Constitution*, (1833) did a decent job of demolishing it in favor of his and the Federalists' theory that the Constitution

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was an act of the American people themselves, not of individual states, thus throwing the right of secession into question. Nevertheless, Watkins shows that, to use his favored adjective, belief in the compact theory and secession was not "heterodox," at least until the North's victory in the Civil War.

The compact theory locates sovereignty in the state governments rather than in the American people as a group of individuals; this theory of ultimate sovereignty leads (as the Tenth Amendment proves) to the conclusion that the proper division of legislative sovereignty is to leave most matters to the states, reserving only interstate and foreign commerce and national defense to Congress and the president. It also implies that making the U.S. Supreme Court the sole arbiter of the constitutionality of acts of the federal and state governments is wrong and that the states themselves are permitted, perhaps even encouraged, to keep the federal government within bounds, even if the means to do so is the threat, or the exercise of the right, of secession from the Union.

Whatever this argument represented in the early 19th century, it is the height of heterodoxy now. Nevertheless, Watkins courageously maintains it and shows that Abraham Lincoln, the man who did more than anyone else to undermine the principles of 1798, got it wrong. In January 2001, in a special issue of this magazine devoted to defining paleoconservatism, Donald W. Livingston argued that "the litmus test" for American conservatism was an understanding that Lincoln was not the great statesman he is almost invariably portrayed as being; rather, he was a betrayer of our constitutional tradition and an inept warmonger who needlessly sacrificed the lives of 600,000 Americans.

Dr. Livingston would happily apply the conservative label to Mr. Watkins. Because of his rejection of secession, his decision to defeat the compact theory by bloody combat, his suspension of *habeas corpus* and other civil liberties, his suppression of the free press, and his interference with democratic elections, Lincoln, Watkins concludes, was engaged in "police state" tactics.

> The reign of John Adams and the Federalists appears harmless when compared with Lincoln's dictatorship. The Adams Federalists merely threatened civil liberties, whereas Lincoln abrogated the basic principles of republican government. Free speech, free elections, and due process of law—all essential to any republican government—were sacrificed even in the Northern states facing no danger from Confederate forces.

What is more, Watkins makes a powerful case that abolition would have occurred even if the Southern states had been allowed to secede, and, thus, what we now regard as the purported object of the Civil War—an end to slavery—would have been accomplished without the loss of life and the decades of rancor Lincoln brought us.

What Lincoln did bring us, besides that suffering and slaughter, Watkins shows, is the federal Leviathan we confront today. Aiding and abetting Lincolnian democracy have been the rise of national political parties; the 17th Amendment (providing for direct election of U.S. senators instead of the constitutionally mandated selection by state legislatures); FDR's New Deal; and, with these, a naive belief

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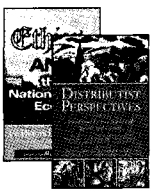

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that, if some democracy is good, more democracy is better. All of these factors and more, in combination, have been enough virtually to reduce state and local governments to impotence and effect the loss of the liberty the Framers fought for.

Watkins wants to reclaim this liberty, and, as he reminds us, giving back the originally secured constitutional power to the states would more effectively promote true cultural diversity (our 50 states *are*, after all, exceedingly diverse) and sensible social experimentation (Watkins is a neo-Brandeisian, who would revive that sage's notion of the states as 50 "social laboratories"); provide a continued check on an overweening federal government; and lead to a healthy dispersal of power. Under such a reconstituted and reconstitutionalized regime, some states might legalize marijuana, some might permit school prayer, some might ban abortion, and some might permit single-sex education in military academies. Such a state of affairs, though certain to drive liberals wild, would actually restore power to the people.

Watkins knows that the Supreme Court is unlikely to permit any such thing, given that the Court's usurpations have, in recent years, all but crushed state and local governments (although, to its credit, as Watkins acknowledges, the Rehnquist Court has recently recalled that federalism *is* a major part of the Constitution and begun to restrict some of Congress's excesses). Watkins favors an amendment setting up a "Constitutional Commission," composed of officials selected by state legislatures, which would have the power to set aside unconstitutional acts by any of the three branches of the federal government.

As ought to be evident by now, this little book packs a considerable wallop, while Watkins himself is a veritable one-man army marching against the legions of political correctness. The book does have a couple of minor shortcomings. Watkins, fearless and brilliant as he is in exploding current misconceptions about states' rights, too easily accepts some of the conventional wisdom regarding other matters.

Watkins is wrong about the unconstitutionality of the Federalists' Sedition Act, owing to his uncritical adoption of Madison and Jefferson's 1798 reading of the First Amendment. Alas, he even misquotes that amendment, stating that it provides that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging freedom of speech, or of the press," when the actual text is "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging *the* freedom of speech, or of the press" (emphasis supplied). As Leonard Levy and others have shown, and as Watkins' omitted definite article suggests, the Framers had in mind simply prohibiting prior restraints on the press (what was then understood as "*the* freedom of the press"); they did not intend to eliminate common law addressing seditious libel, on which the Federalists, in my opinion, sensibly relied. Additionally, I think that Watkins needs to recognize the calculated mendacity of the Jeffersonian campaign in the election of 1800; were he to do so, he would understand the Federalists' prosecutions for seditious libel not as acts of oppression but as understandable moves to counter the perfidy of some of the more rabid Republicans. The recognition ought also to lead him to rethink his pejorative characterization of Federalist judges in general, and Samuel Chase in particular. These are the things I hope will be corrected in a later edition of the book, and, when they are, I will happily see some of my federal tax dollars employed in grants to state and local schools to purchase *Reclaiming the American Revolution* as textbooks.

Stephen B. Presser is the Raoul Berger Professor of Legal History at Northwestern University School of Law and legal-affairs editor for Chronicles.

The Order of the Silver Cross

by Patrick J. Walsh

The Age of Napoleon
by Alistair Horne
New York: Modern Library;
218 pp., $21.95

◆

Napoleon rose to power on the destructive wave of the French Revolution. His own synopsis of his remarkable career is succinct—"Corsican by birth, French by adoption and emperor by achievement." *The Age Of Napoleon*, by Alistair Horne, seeks to encompass a broader range of the emperor's achievements in a short volume of 218 pages.

Napollion Buonoparte was born on the island of Corsica in 1769. His father, an impoverished nobleman, secured a place for his son (funded by the king's charity) at a military school in Brienne, France, in 1778. The nine-year-old Corsican had a poor command of the French language, and the other students made fun of him because of his Italian accent. Yet this outsider would one day command them, their country, and half of Europe's population. After graduating in 1784, Napoleon was admitted to the Ecole Militaire, an officers' school in Paris. At 16, he became a second lieutenant of artillery. A teacher described him as "knowing mathematics and geography extremely well . . . taciturn, loves solitude, very egotistical, ambitious and aspires toward everything." The young man once wrote in his geography notebook: "St. Helena, small island." He could not have foreseen his prison exile on that desolate rock.

Napoleon had an outstanding intelligence combined with practical ability, and he was unalterably determined to succeed. The French Revolution of 1789 provided the means. Many aristocrats fled France to save their lives, including two thirds of the army's artillery officers. This situation enabled Bonaparte to rise quickly. At the siege of Toulon in 1793, he demonstrated his expertise at artillery, resulting in a promotion to general. In 1795, he saved the Directory, the revolutionary government of the day, from an uprising, and the appreciative directors made the 26-year-old general supreme commander of the army of Italy.

Napoleon's conquest of Italy made him internationally famous. He now changed the spelling of his name to sound French. Artists painted him. Patriots cheered him.

But politicians feared him, so the hero was sent on a campaign to Egypt. As Horne points out, "His strategic intent was to sever at a stroke England's lifeline to her empire in India, and then like Alexander the Great move on to regain French possessions and conquer India itself." In Egypt, Napoleon saw and conquered, but with the destruction of the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile by Nelson, the whole enterprise had to be abandoned. However, the expedition was a scientific success: One of Napoleon's soldiers uncovered the Rosetta Stone.

On his return to France in 1799, Napoleon was invited to join a coup to topple the Directory. Many in France were weary of perpetual revolution and instability. They looked for the corrective to Napo-

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leon, who subsequently became consul for life, stabilized France's economy, and reformed her legal structure. (The Napoleonic legal code is still in effect.) Next, he turned to religious reform and, in what Hilaire Belloc called a tremendously Christian act, restored the Roman Catholic Church in a concordat with the Pope. In 1804, he crowned himself emperor, saying, "I found the crown of France in the gutter and I picked it up."

Napoleon secured France from revolution, but his power, in large part, depended on military conquests. And every time he left France to gain them, conspiracies took place at home to depose him. To his credit, Alistair Horne repeatedly points out that Napoleon was neither a Stalin or a Hitler, citing as proof of this judgment that, though Napoleon's foreign minister Talleyrand and his minister of police conspired against him, neither man was "eliminated." Napoleon was fortunate to win most of his battles, but he could not win forever. A guerilla war in Spain, funded by England, bled his resources, and his Continental system barring trade with England led to a fallout with his Russian ally. He was defeated by England and her allies in 1814 and given a Lilliputian kingdom on the isle of Elba, off the coast of Italy. He was not, however, a man to be pinned down like Gulliver. After less than a year, he left Elba and took over France again. This episode, known as the Hundred Days, was one of the most epic events in history, leading to Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo in 1815. This time, the allies sentenced him to exile on St. Helena in the South Atlantic, thousands of miles from any continent. He died there in 1821. As John Adams put it, "a whirlwind raised him and a whirlwind blowed him away to St. Helena." Napoleon himself recognized the truth of this saying: "Hundreds of years will elapse before circumstances will arise similar to those which concentrated such a mass of power to me."

Horne's book is a good shorthand account of Napoleon's life and career, but it is too crammed to cover truly "the age." The author does justice to Napoleon's great achievements—the Code Napoleon, the establishment of a national bank to put the country on a sound financial footing, and the vast building projects and improvements made in Paris. Horne, however, is somewhat dismissive of the Concordat Napoleon signed with the Pope, which remained in force until 1905, when the Roman Catholic Church was disestablished in France. (Horne says that Napoleon's attitude toward the Church and religion itself was merely "pragmatic, if not decidedly cynical" and claims that, on his deathbed, Napoleon "sent away priests come to administer the last rights.")

Yet Napoleon was pragmatic toward all things. He would not have maintained power otherwise. Certainly, he appreciated religion as social cement, but his religious belief was far deeper than Alistair Horne supposes. Napoleon had a strongly mystical nature. Perhaps Horne overlooks this because of the oppressive secularism of our time.

In any event, Napoleon *was* administered extreme unction on May 2, 1821, by Father Vignali, one of the two priests sent to St. Helena by Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch. Moreover, Mass was celebrated for him in his residence every Sunday and on holy days. Napoleon said, on St. Helena: "[O]nly a fool says he will die without a confessor. There is so much that one does not know, that one cannot explain." Finally, Bonaparte, as much as Edmund Burke, loathed the atheistic metaphysicians of revolution and their chirping sectaries. (He invented the word *ideologue*, which delighted John Adams.) It is among his greatest accomplishments to have curbed the excesses of revolution.

The great 19th-century Roman Catholic poet Baudelaire wrote in his *Journals*, "I hate Paris chiefly because everyone is like Voltaire." To him, Voltaire was the antipoet. Napoleon also had a poetic nature and would have been in perfect agreement with Baudelaire, as he, too, was bored by the gross materialism of the Enlightenment. Indeed, Thibaue, in his *Memoires sur le Consulat*, describes a kind of mystical experience Bonaparte had, before the Concordat of 1804. Napoleon told him,

> Last Sunday, in the midst of the silence of Nature, I was walking in these gardens (at Malmaison); the sound of the bell of Ruel suddenly struck my ear and renewed all the impressions of my youth; I was moved, so strong in the force of early habit, and said to myself: "If this can happen to me, what effect must similar memories not produce on ordinary credulous men?" Let your philosophers find an answer to that!

To Antomarchi, a doctor attending him on his deathbed, Napoleon said:

> I believe in God; I am of my father's religion. We cannot all be atheists . . . How can you not believe in God? For all, everything proclaims His existence, and the greatest geniuses have believed in it . . . But then, you are a doctor . . . You people deal with nothing but matter: You never believe anything.

Dying with a silver cross on his breast, the emperor had the last laugh on the scoffers of religion. In his otherwise generous will, he left the materialist Dr. Antomarchi a small sum of money to "buy a rope to hang himself with." Napoleon's will is explicit regarding his belief. It reads: "I DIE IN THE APOSTOLIC AND ROMAN RELIGION, IN THE BOSOM OF WHICH I WAS BORN OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO."

Napoleon was a builder, not a destroyer, of our Western patrimony. Horne's book recognizes this: "[H]ad [Napoleon] never fought a single battle he would still have to be rated one of history's great leaders for the system of administration and the civil reforms he left behind him in France." What Horne fails to recognize, and what Napoleon only glimpsed, is the Christian inheritance that is Europe.

Patrick J. Walsh writes from Quincy, Massachusetts.

LIBERAL ARTS

EVERYTHING OLD IS NEW AGAIN

King James Version: "Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee. But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest."

"Good As New" Version: "Meanwhile Rocky was still sitting in the courtyard. A woman came up to him and said: 'Haven't I seen you with Jesus, the hero from Galilee?' Rocky shook his head and said: 'I don't know what the hell you're talking about.'"

—a comparison of Matthew 26:69-70 as rendered in the Authorized Version and in the "Good As New" Bible, promoted by Anglican Archbishop Rowan Williams

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by Samuel Francis

The Enemy of the Nation

Not long before the collapse of the Soviet Union, when Mikhail Gorbachev was still in power and I was an editorial writer at the *Washington Times*, a bunch of Soviet "journalists" came to lunch at the newspaper. At that time, I was still sufficiently in good graces with the paper's management to be invited and to listen to the editors explain to the communists what a terrific paper the *Times* was. (The ostensible purpose of these "editorial lunches" was to interview whatever VIP's would accept an invitation to the city's "Moonie paper," but the real purpose was to show off the *Times* to the guests and impress them with how mainstream we were.) The *Times* had the largely justified reputation of being an "anticommunist" newspaper, and one of the main things the visiting reds wanted to know was what it meant to be "anticommunist," a term and concept that seemed to offend them deeply.

Wes Pruden, then the managing editor of the paper and the host of the luncheon, hastened to explain to them, accurately but perhaps banally, that, while the *Times* was certainly anticommunist, that did not mean that we were "against the Russian people." The commies hit the lighting fixtures. The distinction between being anticommunist and being "against the Russian people" was incomprehensible to them. How could you possibly be against communism and not against the Russian people, they demanded, when it was obvious that communism was indistinguishable from the Russian people? How Mr. Pruden answered this conundrum, I do not recall.

I remembered this exchange several years later when, in the course of perusing a 1997 article by neoconservative pundits Bill Kristol and David Brooks in the *Wall Street Journal*, I came across their *aperçu* that the "national-greatness conservatism" they were espousing that week "isn't unfriendly to government, properly understood" and their question, "How can Americans love their nation if they hate its government?" If you think about it, you will see that the latter question is exactly the one the communists asked the editors of the *Times* some years before. The distinction (or absence thereof) in the Kristol-Brooks question between the "nation," on the one hand, and the "government," on the other, is precisely that between the "Russian people" and the communism to which the Russian people were enslaved. It ought to be of considerable interest that self-proclaimed neoconservatives find the nondistinction no less incomprehensible than the communists they claim to despise.

I trust I will not be misread as suggesting that neoconservatives are really communists or somehow part of the international conspiracy that used to put fluoride in the drinking water and advocate graduated income taxes, but I am suggesting that they share more with them than either neoconservatives or communists (or paleoconservatives) perhaps know. One belief that they share is the concept of a "credal nation," an idea that has now come to permeate the entire American right.

As far as I can tell, the idea that America is or should be a credal nation originated (on the right) with Harry Jaffa and his doctrine that Abraham Lincoln is the defining icon of the nation through his concept of equality. For Mr. Jaffa, the Declaration of Independence (or, more accurately, the sentence fragment from its second paragraph declaring that "all men are created equal") is the original definition of the American creed, which Lincoln at Gettysburg was merely articulating. The historical and philosophical flaws in Mr. Jaffa's views have been exposed several times, classically by the late Mel Bradford but by several other conservatives as well, so there is little reason to rehearse them here. Nevertheless, despite its flaws, this credal egalitarianism has metastasized throughout the body (or perhaps the cadaver) of the American right, and especially among neocons. It is this concept, that America is defined by a creed and the creed is egalitarianism, that puts the neocons and other egalitarian conservatives on the same wavelength as the Bolsheviki.

To be sure, "equality as a conservative principle," as Mr. Jaffa once called one of his essays, is not the "equality of condition" that Marx and the socialist left have always drooled over. "Conservative equality," we are invariably assured, is supposed to be "equality of opportunity" or "equality before the law." Not the least of the problems with this distinction is that what Jefferson called the "self-evident" truth of equality always needs such extended explanations, justifications, and qualifications; if it were really self-evident, it would not. But "equality," of course, means *equality*. Two plus two is equal to four, because two plus two and four are the same, and to say that Joe is equal to John means and can only mean that Joe and John are the same—not just in opportunities, rights, and legal claims but in abilities and in what their abilities gain them. It is all well and good to spout off about how committed to "equality" you are and how the nation is based on it, but, sooner or later, there will be masses of folks who insist on taking their equality neat—especially when it becomes clear that "opportunity" and the "law" are never any more equal than nature itself and that some people always wind up getting less than what they have decided, on the grounds of the egalitarianism they have been taught, their fair share ought to be.

Equality, whether as a "conservative principle" or the principle of communism that it really is, always leads to communism or something like it, no matter what "conservatives" dim enough to invoke it think they mean by it. For the same reason, it also leads to the leviathan states that both the communists and the neoconservatives adore. As Mr. Kristol and Mr. Brooks noted in their *Journal* article, Lincoln himself argued for a national government

> whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford men an unfettered start, and a fair chance in the

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race of life.

It was through constructing and empowering a state powerful enough to demolish "artificial weights"—the intermediary institutions that restrain the state—that the federal megastate that now prevails in Washington came to exist at all, and it was for much the same purpose that the communist states across the globe were created. The mission of equality is what animates and justifies these monsters.

The egalitarian content of the supposed "creed" is the immediate source of tyranny; the very concept of a credal nation, however, is tyrannical. I had thought for some years that the insight that the Soviet Union was a real credal state was confined to paleoconservatives, but I was disabused of that delusion when Irving Kristol himself, in the *Weekly Standard* last year, acknowledged the same thing: "Large nations, whose identity is ideological, like the Soviet Union of yesteryear and the United States of today," he wrote, "inevitably have ideological interests in addition to more material concerns." That is why, he argued, the United States should have supported Great Britain and France in World War II and should support Israel today, because, as an "ideological" nation, we "will always feel obliged to defend, if possible, a democratic nation under attack from nondemocratic forces." Aside from this *non sequitur*, what is interesting is that Kristol lumps the Soviet Union in the same category as the United States. Most conservatives would distinguish them, and the distinction they would draw would largely revolve around the difference between an ideological regime like that of the Marxists and the conservative order that is supposed to prevail in this country.

The whole concept of a nation or state basing itself on a "creed" or "ideology" or abstract doctrine of any kind (including religion) ought to be profoundly offensive to real conservatives, since it means that the whole of the national life as well as its foreign policy must be subordinated to the implementation of the abstraction at the expense of the actual institutions and way of life that really defines the nation and its culture. A credal or ideological nation is tantamount to totalitarianism, which is why those who advocate such a regime can see no distinction, let alone any antagonism, between its state and the "people" or "nation" the state rules. In such a system, there is no distinction between state and nation. If neither Kristol *père* nor *fils* grasps this, one who does is Jean Raspail, the once-well-known author of *Camp of the Saints*, who, last June, published a short article in *Le Figaro* entitled, "The Fatherland Betrayed by the Republic."

"The Fatherland," of course is the nation, *La Patrie*, and the Republic is the government, the state—or, more precisely, the ideology or creed that animates the state. "The Republic," M. Raspail wrote,

> which is only one shape of government, is synonymous for [the French political class] with ideology, ideology with a capital "I", the major ideology. It seems to me, to some extent, that they betray the first for the second.

In France, as indeed in this country and in most other Western societies, the state has become the enemy of the nation. This brings us to the answer as to how it is that one can love his nation and hate its government.

M. Raspail is especially concerned with the mass immigration from non-white, non-Christian, and non-Western cultures that the French political class has allowed to deluge his nation, to the extent that

> the situation is moving irreversibly towards the final swing in 2050 which will see French stock amounting to only half the population of the country, the remainder comprising Africans, Moors and Asians of all sorts from the inexhaustible reserve of the Third World, predominantly Islamic, understood to be fundamentalist Jihadists.

It is no accident that the same neoconservatives who peddle the "credal nation" concept in this country are among the most fervent supporters of mass immigration. Indeed, this ideology is one of the most common arguments that the pro-immigration crowd invokes: How can immigration threaten our culture and identity since all immigrants need do to assimilate is to agree to the propositions of which the creed is composed? The Soviets used much the same argument in making Soviet citizenship available to anyone who espoused the Marxist-Leninist creed that defined their own ideological state.

Against the domination by ideology, M. Raspail invoked the racial unity of his nation—"France is from the outset a country of common blood." So, for that matter, is the United States, as Jefferson, using that very phrase in his draft of the Declaration and similar terminology in the final form ("common kindred," "consanguinity"), acknowledged, as did John Jay, in *Federalist* 2, where he wrote of "one united people—a people descended from the same ancestors." In fact, every real nation is a "people of a common blood" and "descended from the same ancestors." A *nation*—from the Latin word meaning "to be born"—can have no other meaning. A nation is a community defined primarily by a common blood, and it is only on the basis of a common blood that its population becomes a people—a community united by a shared language, religion, moral values, social institutions, government, and political and social beliefs ("creeds").

In France and most of Europe even today, it remains fairly simple to defend the concept of a common blood, but in the United States it is not, in part because of the impact of mass immigration since the 19th century and, in part, because the descendants of some of those very immigrants have been the first to seek to redefine the nation in terms of creed rather than blood. That is largely why such dubious characters as Harry Jaffa, the two Kristols, and Mr. Brooks are so keen on their own credal definition and their readiness to demonize anyone who insists that there is a good bit more to being an American than the capacity to sneak across the Rio Grande and mumble the appropriate fragments of the Declaration in pidgin English. To define the nation as a people of a common blood is to establish a boundary, a border that keeps some people in and some people out. That, indeed, is its whole purpose.

Where the false and dangerous superstition of the "credal nation" ultimately leads is the destruction of the real nation and the construction of what really binds communism and neoconservatism together—what Israeli conservative historian J.L. Talmon called "democratic totalitarianism," a concept first institutionalized in the French Revolution that really came into its own in the last century but promises to enjoy a renaissance in this century and in this country. Back when I was at the *Washington Times*, it looked like a concept that might be dying. Today, thanks to the triumph of neoconservatism, it thrives. ◁c

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by Scott P. Richert

Rolling Home to Rockford

According to the official website of the Lake Michigan Circle Tour, if we had stuck to the prescribed route, our excursion would have taken us approximately 1,160 miles. Here on our 12th day out, however, we have just logged our 2,200th mile, and we are still 30 miles east of Rockford. My obsession with lighthouses (a product of a youth lived near one of the most impressive pier lights, complete with catwalk, on Lake Michigan) has taken us out to the tip of every peninsula along the Lake Michigan shore, most of which turned out to be much longer than the maps indicate. With a few side trips and a bit of backtracking, we have traveled a distance greater than the length of Route 66 from Chicago to Santa Monica, all within a few miles of the most pleasant of the Great Lakes.

This vacation has been the longest any of us has been away from Rockford in the almost nine years since we moved here. Twelve days of camping with five children, with no more than two nights at any one campground, has been enjoyable but tiring, and, for the first time, the long drive through the flat, unexceptional plains of Northern Illinois, stretching off to the horizon in both directions from I-90, feels truly like coming home.

A few months ago, in a long, rambling, and pleasant conversation about the past and possible futures of Rockford, Chuck Sweeny, the political editor of the *Rockford Register Star*, remarked that he thinks of us at *Chronicles* as "micro-localists." His comment was occasioned by my criticisms (in this column and elsewhere) of the *Register Star* for pursuing "regionalism" at the expense (in my mind, at least) of Rockford proper. Chuck lives outside of the city boundaries, in Winnebago County, and so he sees the situation a little differently.

His description of our position, however, is apt. Increasingly, I find my daily life bounded by a triangle, approximately two miles to each side, stretching from our house along the Rock River north of downtown down to St. Mary's Oratory, then across the river to Uncle Nick's Gyros. St. Mary's and Uncle Nick's represent, respectively, the western and eastern limits of what is left of Rockford's downtown, and it is no coincidence that I can walk each leg of the triangle in about a half an hour, at a fairly comfortable pace.

The triangle encompasses our church, the offices of *Chronicles* and The Rockford Institute, the Cathedral of St. Peter, most of the halfway decent restaurants in Rockford, our credit union, the main branch of the public library, City Hall and the county administration building and courthouse, Sinnissippi Park, and (if I stretch the boundary just a little bit) my barbershop. (It does not, unfortunately, include a full-service grocery store, though there is a fine meat market, Mead's Meats, and the 320 Store, a greengrocer.)

This is life on a human scale, where almost all needs can be met, if necessary, on foot. It is more like life in a small town than life in the sprawling cities (including, ironically, the city that contains this small town) that make up the postwar Midwest.

Once upon a time, those cities were composed of neighborhoods like this, and automobiles were reserved for vacations, drives in the country, and shopping trips that couldn't be made by foot. Now, walking the mile and a quarter back and forth to work, I rarely pass more than one or two others, usually out walking dogs. Downtown is close to deserted at lunchtime, as even those who work there make a 20-minute round trip out to the chain restaurants on East State to devour microwaved hamburgers and frozen french fries dipped in batter.

Russell Kirk once wrote that the automobile is "a mechanical Jacobin, overthrowing dominations and powers, breaking the cake of custom, running over oldfangled manners and morals, making the very air difficult to breathe." As his small village of Mecosta withered over the years, however, even he became dependent on the infernal machine to provide for his family's daily needs. The advent of the "superstore," placed within walking distance of nowhere, has made life on foot largely impossible for most residents of the flyover country. But if life on foot is impossible, in what sense is human life—the rooted, local, parochial life that man has lived for millennia—still truly possible?

Children, by virtue of their limitations and dependence on their parents, still have a sense of that life, and ours—while they have enjoyed their vacation—are restless for home. Their horizons are still limited, and, even though they have studied maps and globes, I know that their experience still echoes that of the young boy in Ross Lockridge's *Raintree County*:

> Johnny Shawnessy decided that some day when he was big enough to go away from home by himself, he would go over and get Nell Gaither, and they would get into a big covered wagon and go down and find the National Pike, and they would ride off together toward those big plains and those far western mountains beneath the shining stars, where the land was fair and free, where the Indians lived in tepees, and the streams were full of fish, in the country called the United States of America, which was somewhere in Raintree County.

As we grow up, our horizons necessarily expand—and, indeed, they should do so. Our trip around Lake Michigan encompasses much of the landscape of my life, and I recognize, as I often do in the summer, how much I miss life on the Big Lake. At some point, however, our horizons should contract once more. Getting married, choosing a career, settling down, rearing children of your own—these essential activities of life can only properly be performed within the limits of a well-defined place. And as we cross the Auburn Street bridge and turn in to our neighborhood, the Rock River has never looked so broad, or so blue.

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Letter From the Upper Midwest

by Sean Scallon

Last Call?

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It was quiet at Drea's Tavern on St. Patrick's Day. It might seem unusual for an Irish bar to have so few souls stop in the third week of March, but there were reasons.

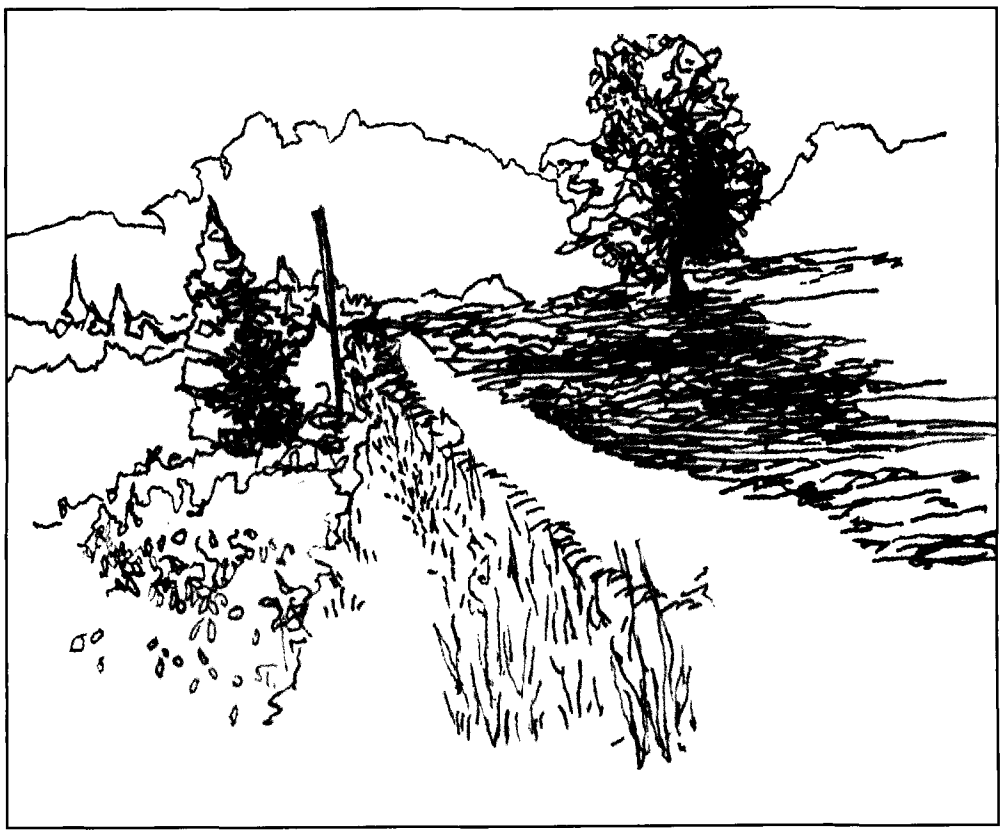
"It's tough to have it during the middle of the week," bartender Larry Drea said. "So few people can get time off."

That is why the tavern's St. Patrick's Day celebration is usually on the Sunday before, just after Mass at nearby St. Patrick's Church, which, along with Drea's and Our Lady of the Fields Shrine, serve as the cultural centers for the Irish community of the crossroads area of Loreto, Wisconsin. That allows people from all over—from the residents of Loreto to those Irish from Southwestern Wisconsin, Madison, Iowa, you name it—to pack Drea's for the festivities.

Such a celebration has been going on for 57 years, almost the same time that Larry has been tending bar. The establishment has been in his family even longer. Becoming an institution has afforded the pub some insulation that other rural taverns unfortunately do not enjoy in this day and age.

Drea's is a stop on a mini "world tour," or pub crawl, that begins at Nachreiner's in predominantly German-settled Bear Creek, followed by a stop at Welch's before arriving at Drea's. My family has made the tour every time we have come this way to cut alfalfa on my father's land. A day together in the hot sun is followed by a night hitting the taverns for food, spirits, pool, pinball, and jukeboxes. Not much has changed inside Drea's since I was a small lad.

Much has changed in the surrounding area, however. Nachreiner's and Welch's are gone, and Drea's is practically the only tavern left between Spring Green and Bear Valley. The loss of family farms and the passing away of longtime customers has depleted the clientele. And Ronald Reagan and Mothers Against Drunk Driving did not help matters much either when they forced the states to adopt a drinking age of 21 under threat of losing their highway funds. Thus, Wisconsin's traditional drinking age of 18, the same age at which one can vote or be drafted, was scrapped, and two generations of potential customers' habits and loyalties were altered forever. They did not stop drinking, mind you; they just did not go to the taverns.



Elizabeth Wolf

Despite the fact that both states have roughly the same populations and European cultural influences, Wisconsin has nearly three-times as many establishments—12,500 in all—that sell liquor by the drink as Minnesota. You can find taverns and watering holes like Drea's all across the state in the most unlikely locations. "Location, location, location" may mean something to the real-estate industry, but not in the tavern business. In Wisconsin, at crossroads like Loreto, county highways, unincorporated towns and villages, remote woods, or neighborhood blocks, chances are, you will find a tavern. Taverns were located near the workingmen, who would spend time and money after a day in hay fields, or entertain themselves on weekends.

Alas, today, fewer workingmen mean fewer taverns, or at least an aging clientele. The younger crowd goes to clubs in big cities for dancing, live entertainment, or sports (big-screen TV's with the game on, darts, pool, and video games). So how does a tavern owner attract customers, especially when entertainment choices, both in and outside the home, seem so limitless?

He could try gambling. Many Wisconsin tavern owners have installed video-poker machines with payouts to attract customers, just as gambling on Indian reservations took off after the 1988 Indian Gaming Act. The state frowned on that, however, and began a crackdown when it turned out that local sheriffs were looking the other way. The 2002 governor's race grew out of this struggle. Ed Thompson, brother of former Wisconsin governor and Health and Human Service Secretary Tommy Thompson, had video-poker machines in his Tomah supper club, the Tee-Pee. State Attorney General Jim Doyle began confiscating video-poker machines, including a few at the Tee-Pee during a 1997 raid. An incensed Thomp-

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son fought back with the help of the state's 4,600-member Tavern League. The local district attorney for Monroe County could not find an unbiased jury to try the case, and the charges were dropped. The state subsequently changed the law to allow taverns a limited number of machines for amusement only. Thompson became a libertarian hero, embarrassed his brother, was elected mayor of Tomah, and ran for governor. Doyle went on to become governor, beating Thompson.

If gambling isn't the salvation of taverns, then maybe naked women are. A few rural taverns are becoming strip joints—or, to use the current euphemism, "gentlemen's clubs"—to keep the doors open. One such place is the Border Lounge, located near the Mississippi River in Hager City. Throughout much of the 1990's, the Trenton Township government tried to keep the lounge from operating as a "gentlemen's club." Townships not interested in seeing their taverns turn into such "clubs" passed resolutions banning nude dancing altogether. However, the Wisconsin Supreme Court, in a 5-2 decision back in 1998, declared such resolutions unconstitutional because of their "restrictiveness." Unable to restrict this kind of entertainment in their own jurisdictions, and given the costs of litigation (Trenton Township had to pay $115,000 in a settlement with the club) and their limited resources, many townships have backed away from trying to stop the spread of strip joints across rural Wisconsin. For a while, the Trenton township board did deny the "club" its liquor license, hoping that fruit juices and root beer would keep customers away. When that did not work, they threw in the towel.

It was never uncommon to see rural or small-town strip joints, especially in Northern Wisconsin. In Hurley, they, are considered a local institution, complete with their own section on Silver Street. Such places, however, used to be located next to rough and sometimes lawless mining and lumber camps. When people hear "strip joint," they think of a seedy, inner-city block—not of rolling hills, pastures, churches, and small schools. For strip joints, however, as for the old taverns they inherit, "location, location, location" doesn't seem to matter.

Sean Scallon is a reporter who lives in Arkansaw, Wisconsin.

Letter From Poland

by Mark Wegierski

A Model for the West

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Ciechocinek lies about 200 kilometers northwest of Warsaw, near Torun, the birthplace of Nicolaus Copernicus, in the Kujawy-Pomorze (Kuyavia-Pomerania) region. It is a spa and resort town of about 14,000 permanent residents, known for its unique titration towers—large wooden structures with thick layers of bramble, through which water from nearby salt springs is filtered into the air, producing a healthy microclimate, which approximates that of sea air.

I have flown into Warsaw from Toronto on a direct flight from Polish Airlines LOT on the night of June 4, 2004. A female relative is waiting with a compact but elegant Peugeot 206 to take me directly to Ciechocinek.

We drive from the airport through most of Warsaw, which is again a beautiful city, despite the depredations of World War II. Warsaw was virtually destroyed by the German occupiers, in the wake of the tragic Warsaw Uprising of 1944. Over 240,000 Poles died in the uprising, and the remaining population was deported to concentration camps. Unlike the situation during the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising of 1943, when the Soviet front was several hundred miles away and all of Poland was being ground down under German occupation, Soviet forces had reached the east bank of the Vistula River (Warsaw is on the west bank) in August 1944. Most historians believe that Stalin deliberately suspended all Soviet offensive operations until October, to allow the Germans to crush the uprising at leisure. In the wake of the uprising, the Germans methodically reduced the city to rubble. The city was painstakingly rebuilt after the war, brick by brick.

The months of August and September have been very solemn in Warsaw this year, the 60th anniversary of the Warsaw Uprising (launched on August 1), and 65 years since the beginning of World War II (on September 1, 1939). The war proved a horrible catastrophe for the old pre-war Poland, the Second Republic—which had arisen in 1918 after 123 years of Partition (occupation by czarist Russia, Prussia/Germany, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire—punctuated by numerous desperate uprisings). Over five million Christian Poles perished during World War II. Countless cultural treasures were destroyed or plundered. Poles fought Nazi Germany in virtually every theater of the war and made a huge contribution to the war effort—for example, in the aerial Battle of Britain in 1940 (the Polish pilots); at the battle of Monte Cassino, the May 1944 assault on the "impregnable" German positions that finally opened the road to Rome; as well as at the battle of the Falaise Gap (in August 1944), where the Polish First Armoured division fought very bravely. In the aftermath of the war, Poland lost large territories in the east while, at the same time, gaining lands in the west at the expense of Germany. The new frontiers—roughly similar to those of early medieval Poland—were designed by Stalin to bind Poland forever to a pro-Russian orientation (because of Polish fear of German revanchism). Hard-line Soviet communism was imposed on the new Polish People's Republic as the Soviet armies moved in. A civil war raged until the late 1940's between the remnants of the Polish national underground and the emerging communist security apparatus. After the Stalinist darkness, the comparative liberalization of the communist system took place after 1956. The insensitivity to or lack of knowledge of these various dimensions of Polish suffering and valor among many in the West today is hurtful to Poles.

After a hard drive of about three hours, we reach Ciechocinek, home of the spa called "Pod Tezniami" ("By the Titration Towers"), which has won awards as one of the best spas in Poland. I thank my relative profusely and then quickly check in, settling into my comfortable room.

Having previously visited Ciechocinek in fall 2003, I am familiar with the town and the rhythm of life in the spa, determined by the light "curative procedures" ("*zabiegi*")—such as automated hydromassage and dry massage—that are available. Each procedure costs about 20 zlotys (about six dollars). Accommodation at the spa (including excellent meals served buffet style) cost about 150 zlotys per day (about $45).

Poland, while emphatically Western, has conscientiously preserved her traditionalist, conservative, and nationalist aspects to an extent unparalleled elsewhere in the West. It could be argued that the surface politics of Poland—largely dom-

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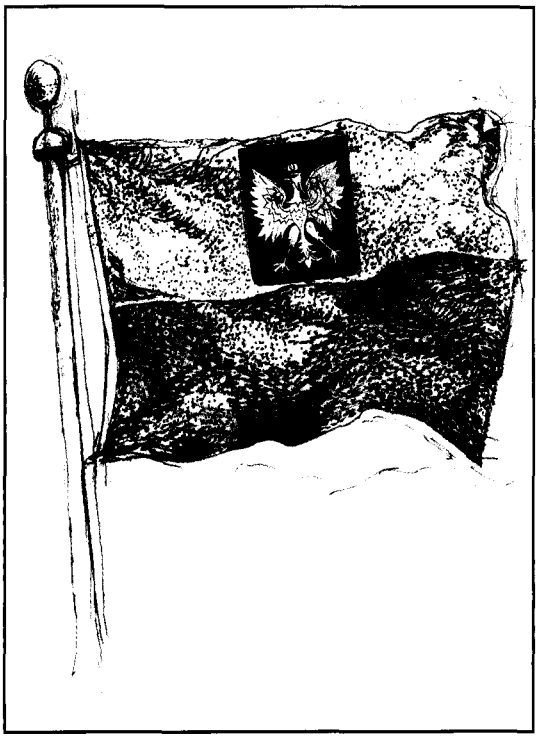
inated by the "postcommunist" social democratic parties and continual scandals—are just a minor overlay on a society that is far, far sounder and healthier than most other Western societies. Radical feminism and sexual politics have simply failed to make major inroads. Polish society is about 97 percent ethnically Polish. Roman Catholicism is still a major force—if not *the* major force—in Polish society. Exciting intellectual, cultural, local, and regional diversity can exist in an ethnically and religiously homogenous nation.

The poor economic situation—with an official unemployment rate of about 20 percent and deteriorating healthcare and other public services—is troublesome, but it ensures that Poland is less likely to be a destination for mass immigration. Poland has undergone a rather infelicitous transformation from state-ownership to capitalism: Many critics argue that the former Communist Party *nomenklatura* and its favored collaborators in the former opposition seized much of the wealth of the country, while permitting the buying of most Polish industries by foreign companies at fire-sale prices. Meanwhile, many of the truly effective, hardworking small businessmen are harried with high taxes and excessive regulations.

Reflecting on Jean Raspail's recent article in *Le Figaro* on the crisis of France, "*La patrie trahie par la Republique*" ("The Fatherland Betrayed by the Republic," June 17), I can only be grateful that there are some European countries where that crisis is less acute—Poland notably among them. The Polish state remains, to a large extent, friendly to the Polish nation. For a variety of reasons—among them, the difficulty of learning the Polish language and the discomfort felt by immigrants in living in such a homogenous society—there is very little immigration into Poland. Of course, much of the Polish mass media and political leadership is endeavoring to push Poland in the direction of the multicultural "postmodern paradise" that is supposedly the future of Europe. However, there is great popular resistance in Poland to such notions.



Elizabeth Wolf

A nonpartisan nationalism permeates Polish society. Many Poles at all age-groups and levels of society have a profound sense of their nation's heritage. Having struggled so long and so hard for their nationhood, most Poles have far less of a sense of self-hatred than most Europeans. Hence, there are the strenuous endeavors from "progressives" abroad to manufacture a sense of guilt among Poles.

Among the most appealing aspects of Poland today is the attention to family life. Polish women are lauded as excellent spouses—and many are able to combine career and family life without becoming bitter radical feminists. "Friendly relations" between men and women continue to thrive in Poland. Although some abortions are obviously being unofficially performed and the birthrate has fallen, the official abortion rate in Poland is very low.

The right-wing and populist parties in Poland include the ultra-Catholic League of Polish Families (Liga Polskich Rodzin), led by Roman Giertych, which is essentially a successor to the pre-war National Democracy movement; the Law and Justice Party (Prawo i Sprawiedliwosc), which is led by Jaroslaw Kaczynski, brother of the current president (mayor) of the city of Warsaw; and Self-Defence (Samoobrona), led by the rather demagogic Andrzej Lepper. A moderate, center-right party is the Citizens' Platform (Platforma Obywatelska), which has recently polled very well. The ruling postcommunist coalition, the Union of the Democratic Left (Sojusz Lewicy Demokratycznej), has split into two main factions. They also have a junior coalition partner, the Party of Labor (Unia Pracy). The Polish Peasants' Party (Polskie Stronnictwo Ludowe), has definite patriotic accents. There are many other (mostly right-wing) parties, some of which have a few seats in the Sejm (parliament).

The chief publications of the Polish right include *Arcana* (a Krakow-based bimonthly); Roman Giertych's *Nowa Mysl Polska* (*New Polish Thought*); Piotr Wierzbicki's *Gazeta Polska*; the libertarian Janusz Korwin-Mikke's *Najwyzszy Czas!* (*The Time is Now!*); and the monthly *Nowe Panstwo* (the *New State*). The moderate, center-right mass-circulation newspaper, *Rzeczpospolita* (the *Republic*), is comparatively friendlier to the right than Adam Michnik's politically correct *Gazeta Wyborcza*, the biggest and most profitable mass newspaper in Poland. There is a wide field of smaller "zines" and newspapers representing a far broader spectrum of opinion than that seen in most Western countries. Two prominent, eclectic ecological/antiglobalization publications are *Obywatel* (the *Citizen*), and *Zielone Brygady* (*Green Brigades*).

Polish society was especially resistant to the totalitarian ideologies of Nazism and communism, and it is possible that the defeat of the cryptototalitarian, left-liberal, managerial-therapeutic regime will begin in Poland. The West will benefit from having a model of a nation that is passionately attached to its artistic, cultural, historic, religious, and linguistic heritage—but is also emphatically "modern" and Western. Poland and the Poles had played a huge role in the defeat of both Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union—as well as helping to save Europe from Bolshevism in 1920, during the nearly forgotten war between the newly independent Poland and Bolshevik Russia. In the battle at the gates of Warsaw in August 1920 (called "the Miracle of the Vistula"), the revered Marshal Jozef Pilsudski turned back the red tide. The Poles have often been considered a stubborn people, passionately devoted to their nationhood, and many of them have a special disdain for any kind of cant, falsehood, or politically correct lecturing and hectoring. May Poland remain a bastion of the traditional West—and, perhaps, at some point, become a dynamic focus for a broader Western renewal.

Born in Toronto of Polish immigrant parents, Mark Wegierski is fluent in Polish and has been published in Canadian, American, Polish, British, and German publications.

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Letter From Albania

by Alberto Carosa

10,300 Nights in the Gulag

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The memory of the victims of communism has been honored with various initiatives on both sides of the Atlantic. To that end, a spate of symposia and panel discussions were held in November and December 2003 in Italy, mostly in Rome and Milan.

The symposium "Memento Gulag—Communism in the history of the XIX century," jointly held November 7-8, 2003, in Rome by two cultural think tanks (Associazione Fiducia and umbrella Comitatus pro libertatibus-Freedom Committees), and the Milan event of December 9-11, 2003, "The Righteous in the Gulag—The value of moral resistance to Soviet totalitarianism," organized by GARIWO (Gardens of the Righteous Worldwide) shared many facets. Probably the most significant of these was the idea that all totalitarianisms—Nazism and communism—must be rejected, so much so that the concept of the "Righteous of the Shoah" should be extended to those innocent victims of Soviet Gulags who championed an uncompromising human dignity in the face of totalitarianism.

Gabriele Nissim, one of the organizers of the Milan event who has authored many books on the Nazi persecution of Jews, said that it is time for the stories of the victims of Soviet terror to be unearthed and recounted to the public. In his column in *Corriere della Sera* (December 8, 2003), senior editorialist Paolo Mieli agreed, predicting the usual lament of those unilateralists who "oppose this (but only this) kind of memories: it's all known, we have been knowing this for years, there is nothing new which needs to be brought to light . . . " This is nonsense, Mieli countered, citing John Paul II's statement that it is necessary to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the abysmal tragedy of the Ukrainian "*Holodomor*" "for young people to remember past events so that similar suffering is never repeated again." So much attention has been paid to the holocaust, but almost nothing is known about the *Holodomor*: Who has ever heard of it? The word was coined 70 years ago, Ukrainian ambassador to Italy Boris Hudyma said during the "Memento Gulag" symposium, to mean "mass extermination by hunger." It was a Stalin-engineered famine that killed millions of Ukrainians, in a country known, the Pope recalled, as "the breadbasket of Europe," which was "no longer able to feed its own children, who died by the millions." Under the Kremlin's instructions, the newly installed communist regime confiscated at gunpoint all foodstuffs in the rural areas to divert them to urban and industrial centers, often outside the Ukraine. As a result, at least seven million rural people died, with entire generations of well-to-do independent farmers and peasants literally wiped out—along with their traditions, spiritual and social life, and cultural and religious identity.

In his keynote speech at the "Memento Gulag" symposium in Rome, Italy's Senate Speaker Marcello Pera celebrated Russian dissident Varlam Tichonovic Shalamov, who refused any form of cooperation with his oppressors in the Siberian Gulag of Kolyma, where he had been confined. Quoting from what he termed an "extraordinary exchange of letters" between Shalamov and Boris Pasternak, Pera offered glimpses of life in the Gulag. Shalamov's description of Stalin's Gulags is not as impressive as the recount of Hitler's *lager*, Senator Pera contends. Nonetheless, the Gulags were no less hellish, as shown by the following vivid description from Shalamov's "Tales of Kolyma":

> A working day lasted 16 hours . . . the people fall asleep on their spades and may neither sit nor lay down because they would [shoot] you on the spot . . . in the winter night with 60 degrees below zero . . . while the silver trumpets orchestra play marches before the half dead prisoners queue . . . a guard reads out the name list of prisoners fired for having failed to achieve their prescribed levels of production.

Shalamov laments that "There is nothing in the world which is more unworthy than the intention to forget about these crimes." At the Milan event, Shalamov was celebrated as the perfect example of the "Righteous in the Gulag" for the value of his moral resistance to Soviet totalitarianism.

Another famous Russian dissident likewise deserving of this title is Vladimir Bukovskji, who never compromised with the Soviets.

Though less known, all the more gruesome is the story of another "Righteous in the Gulag," former Albanian parliament speaker Pjeter Arbnori.

After having been tried as a "traitor and agent" and handed a death sentence—which, luckily, was not imposed for the simple reason that "they had already carried out the required number that week"—he spent almost 30 years in the Albanian Gulag, from May 1961 (when he was only 26) to August 1989, for having sought to establish an opposition party.

Pjeter Arbnori was keynote speaker and guest of honor in conferences and gatherings around Italy, where, besides commemoration and remembrance, other initiatives were debated, including a call for communist war criminals to be tried; the proclamation of a Gulag Memorial Day; the promotion of awareness campaigns "not to forget what Gulag was and still is"; the idea of a "distance adoption" for those who are still Gulag prisoners.

What is being sought is justice, not revenge, as Arbnori, a devout Catholic, shows when he recalls that, as speaker,

> every day I see people who spied on me, who accused me, who interrogated and tortured me, judges who brought false evidence and witnesses to testify against me, and I turn my head on the other side so as not to show contempt.

"Hatred is not part of my nature," he continued.

> Revenge has no place in my mind and I am prepared to wholeheartedly grant my pardon to whoever did me evil if they ask for or more simply regret it, preferring to invest my energy in establishing democracy in the country and re-unity with Europe.

Yet, judging from his unspeakable sufferings, a desire for revenge, though not acceptable for a Christian, would have been understandable. Another reason he was spared execution was that the authorities believed that he was hiding a great deal of invaluable information, so he was brutally tortured for a couple of years after the death sentence. He was confined to a cell without a bed, without blankets and wearing only his under-

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Elizabeth Wolf

wear; the temperature was far below the freezing point, and snow came in from an open window. Day and night, he was kept in chains, which were increasingly tightened as the questioning dragged on and on. How could he survive? *I believe in God, I am Catholic and God saved me,* he usually answers.

The psychological and spiritual torture, Arbnori vividly recalls, was the most difficult to withstand. The investigators would play a taped cassette with the voices of members of his family, pretending they had all been arrested and tortured. Listening to the screams, many prisoners broke down completely, some committed suicide, and others gave up and told the communists anything they wanted to hear. The greatest fight was to keep one's moral dignity intact, "so we would never be ashamed of this period of our life." Arbnori persevered, however, and relentlessly continued his activity against the dictatorship from prison by smuggling out his writings and organizing the resistance of inmates against the regime. This cost him a ten-year extension of his prison term.

Some of the most outstanding examples of moral resistance and spiritual strength were offered by incarcerated priests, in the wake of the Communist Party's policy in the 1960's declaring Albania the world's first officially atheist state and, thus, seeking to erase Christianity. Arbnori met most of the Albanian martyrs, who sacrificed their lives to defend the Faith in word and deed. "I was together with them," he recalls.

> In the prisons I attended their masses by stealth, I took communion from their hands, I listened to their sermons, I suffered together with them. I saw their heroic example and therefore I can witness to their martyrdom.

In a way, Arbnori considers himself a lucky man. "My great destiny was that I lived in a[n] extraordinary, albeit tragic, epoch," he contends.

> I met and came across people one could hardly meet in centuries. For never had such an organized struggle against the Church and her followers been seen for centuries and centuries. Tragedy produced heroes, absolutely exceptional people.

All of them, he stressed, had a common feature: "[D]espite their extremely difficult plight, under no circumstances whatsoever did they ever deny God, serving Our Lord and also publicly professing their faith."

How did this persecution initially come about? The communist regime needed a pretext to arrest priests and had hidden an arms cache in the Franciscan church in Gjiuhadol for the Sigurimi (the secret police) to discover. The friars were accused of plotting an armed rebellion. As a result, many innocents were executed by firing squad, and others were sentenced to long prison terms. During one of the trials, however, the author of the ploy, Sigurimi officer Pjerin Kçira, publicly repented and cleared the friars of any guilt.

In turn, in July 1948, he and his collaborators were arrested and accused by the authorities of having formed an anticommunist party group aimed at discrediting the regime. "I was present at the trial against Pjerin Kçira, whom I knew well," Arbnori says. "He persecuted many priests, even though in the past they had helped him much, since he was [an] orphan." In a way, he was a Judas, but of a different kind: Before being shot behind the wall of the very cemetery where he had previously executed so many members of the clergy, he sincerely asked for pardon from his victims. He was 26 years old.

The news that the Franciscans had been the innocent victims of a government-driven plot soon spread across the country. The regime's violent anti-Christian pressure did not abate, however, culminating in the government order in 1967 ("the black year," in Arbnori's words) to close down all the churches, with the ensuing arrest of all the clergy and confiscation of religious properties and items. During this period, Arbnori says, two Jesuit fathers, Anton Luli and Pjeter Meshkalla, became particularly popular for their heroic and unwavering resistance. Meshkalla, a philosopher and humanist, was a constant thorn in the side of the regime, since he had the rare ability to turn his trials into blistering anticommunist propaganda coups.

Their shining examples, together with those of many others—religious and laymen alike—destined to remain forever unknown, contributed to the demise of the anti-Christian regime in 1989, when Arbnori was finally released. He immediately joined the democratic movement and was elected speaker of parliament's for Sali Berisha's Democratic Party in 1992 and 1996. In what Arbnori calls "a mafia-communist coup," in June 1997, the Socialist Party, the "recycled" rump of the old communist establishment, won the elections, and it seemed that somehow the bad old days had returned. For the opposition to be granted sufficient media access, Arbnori went on a 20-day hunger strike, and international pressure saved him from a coma, compelling the Albanian parliament to adopt the Arbnori Amendment. This amendment has remained largely unapplied. The problems are still so many, Arbnori laments: Roads and power stations are needed; there is no distribution of gasoline; hospitals are inadequate. Most of all, he says, Albania lacks security, so foreign investments are slow to flow in.

Though the picture may still be somewhat bleak, the very existence of people of the caliber of Pjeter Arbnori and many other inspiring figures bodes well for the future of Albania, as well as the realization of the *leitmotiv* underlying every Gulag symposium: never again totalitarianism; never again communism.

Alberto Carosa is a freelance journalist based in Rome and the editor of various pro-family publications in Italy.

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by Srdja Trifkovic

Redeployment of U.S. Forces Overseas: Long Overdue, Too Slow

Many Central Europeans who are now in their late middle age or older have fond memories of American soldiers in their midst. In France in 1944, nylon stockings and chocolates were the tools of seduction, resented by men and welcomed by ladies. In Germany in early 1945, the G.I. came to be seen as liberator, compared to the vengeful fury of the Red Army. During the frosty blockade of 1948-49, American soldiers saved West Berlin from famine. For four decades thereafter, their presence provided a welcome reassurance that any Soviet attempt to shift the Iron Curtain westward would entail the risk of a global nuclear war. That reassurance was essential to Europe's postwar recovery and, in particular, to Adenauer's and Erhard's "economic miracle."

On my first tour of Germany, as a 16-year-old in 1970, I felt real warmth and relief at the sight of two youthful-looking G.I.'s at Checkpoint Charlie. They were just a couple of regular military guys, but their Jeep, their informality, the gum they chewed were light years away from the *Volkspolizei* patrols, dogs, and searchlights on the other side. My papers were *in Ordnung*, but I remember thinking that many Easterners would risk their lives to see that same sign: "You Are Entering the American Sector."

For years thereafter, whenever driving through Bavaria and listening to the American Forces Radio—a rare source of rock and country amidst a deluge of ABBA and oompah bands—I felt that same warm feeling. Fifteen years after the end of the Cold War, however, those are but distant memories, and the continued presence of substantial American military forces in Europe is an expensive and untenable absurdity.

It was, therefore, good to hear President George W. Bush announce in August a plan to bring home up to 70,000 soldiers from Europe and Asia, or to move them to new locations as part of a global rearrangement of U.S. forces. As he told the Veterans of Foreign Wars convention in Cincinnati, the plan was intended to transform the U.S. military into a lighter, more agile, and more lethal force in an age when security conditions facing the United States are different from those of the Cold War era.

According to the rearrangement outline, which is expected to begin in 2006 and continue for a decade, about one-half of the 70,000 U.S. troops currently stationed in Germany will return home or be reassigned in what Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld called a "new Europe"—or even further east. That will bring the American military presence closer to the Middle East and Central Asia. In addition, the United States will reduce by half her current 40,000 troops in South Korea and 35,000 in Japan.

President Bush's plan is a step in the right direction, but it is a hesitant one. It suffers from three flaws that may still be corrected.

The first is that it envisages withdrawing only *some* U.S. troops stationed in Europe and the Far East, and not *all* of those troops, as it properly should.

American soldiers are not needed there any longer. The threat to Europe's security no longer comes from Russia, which is going to be preoccupied for decades with the issues of her own survival and recovery. That threat comes even less from a fresh bout of instability in the Balkans, or from the renewal of some old feud between, say, Rumania and Hungary.

The real and present threat to Europe's security and to her survival comes from Islam, from the deluge of Third World immigrants, and from collapsing birth-rates. All three are caused entirely by "Old" Europe's moral decrepitude and cultural degeneracy, not by any shortage of soldiers and weaponry. The continued presence of a U.S. contingent of any size can do nothing to alleviate these problems, because they are spiritual rather than military.

As for the Far East, the threat to South Korea's and Japan's security is potentially more real, but it can and should be handled by those two very capable and affluent nations. A continued U.S. defense shield over them is unjustified. The withdraw of all U.S. troops from both would be beneficial to all concerned. The United States would be disengaged from a part of the world where the dangers of continued military presence vastly exceed any possible benefits. Japan and South Korea would finally become mature, self-reliant powers. For decades, they *chose* to focus on economic development at the expense of military strength, which they could afford to do, secure in the protection provided by the United States. Only by removing her tripwire can America finally force them to upgrade their militaries and to assume the full economic and political burden of their own defense. The policy of disengagement may include a green light to both to develop limited nuclear capability as a deterrent to North Korea's and China's existing arsenals.

The second problem with President Bush's plan is the timetable. It is unnecessary to wait two years to start any redeployment, and it is quite remarkable that its completion should take a decade. All problems of logistics and administrative chores can be resolved in half that time. The reason for such a delay is likely political: to soften the economic blow to Germany at a sensitive time in transatlantic relations, and to prevent the implosion of NATO. Neither reason is valid.

The government in Berlin has been taking American military spending in Germany for granted for too long; 15 years after the fall of the Berlin Wall, its complaints that U.S. withdrawal will hurt local economies around American bases smacks of effrontery. Having spent untold hundreds of billions on upgrading, integrating, and subsidizing the former East Germany, the *Bundesregierung* should have allowed at least a fraction of that sum for job creation and development programs in cities, such as Ramstein, Pirmasens, and Kaiserslautern, that will be affected by the closure of American bas-

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es. For Berlin's coordinator for German-American relations, Karsten Voigt, to complain that the withdrawal of U.S. troops would cause "harsh damage" to the economies of such towns is simply audacious.

If a more speedy withdrawal of the United States from Europe facilitates the emergence of an effective European defense force (which is now advocated most vocally by France), and if the American redeployment causes the demise of NATO (as it had morphed under President Clinton), both Europe and America would be better off.

As for the Eurocorps, it is time to dispel any suspicion that the United States is opposed to its development as a defense force independent of NATO. In any event, it will have nothing much to do—it will not be allowed to intercept boats carrying illegal immigrants across the Mediterranean, and, when deployed in "peace-keeping" operations, it will go under a U.N. flag—but it will do just fine for Bastille Day parades. Be that as it may, it is time for Paris and Berlin (and Brussels, Vienna, Madrid, *etc.*) to put some serious defense euros where their diplomatic rhetoric tends to be, if they want to be taken seriously.

As for NATO, instead of declaring victory and disbanding it in the early 1990's, the Clinton administration locked us into an unnecessary, open-ended "multilateralist" entanglement at a time when every legitimate rationale for its existence had disappeared. This happened because Clinton and his team—many of them now serving as advisors to John Kerry—saw NATO as an ideological tool for the realization of their global vision, a "promoter of democracy," and a "protector of human rights" that suited their ideological preferences. The alliance's area of operations subsequently became unlimited, and its "mandate" entirely self-generated. Its war against Serbia in the spring of 1999—which Kerry supported enthusiastically, and some of his closest advisors actually conducted—marked a decisive shift in NATO's mutation from a defensive alliance into a supranational security force based on the doctrine of "humanitarian intervention." The sooner this monstrosity is disbanded, the better for America and the rest of the world.

The third problem with President Bush's plan concerns the stated likelihood of a redeployment of U.S. forces "further East"—not only in Poland or Rumania but in the arid wastelands of Central Asia surrounding the oil-rich Caspian Basin, as well as in the Caucasus. If carried out, this plan will cause instability in relations between Moscow and Washington that would be detrimental to both. For a Russian strategist, redeployment of U.S. divisions from Germany to Uzbekistan is no less provocative than moving Russian troops from Cuba to the Rio Grande would be to the United States.

To be meaningful and strategically useful, the "redeployment" should lead to American troops coming back home to the United States, not to their repositioning in another foreign spot where their presence will generate fresh instability for the host country and new, costly, and unnecessary entanglements for America.

President Bush's redeployment plan was immediately attacked by the Democratic camp. It was criticized for all the wrong reasons, as was to be expected. Retired Gen. Wesley Clark, the seedy hero of Clinton's aggression against Serbia and now an advisor to Kerry, said the plan would undermine U.S. ties with traditional allies. Richard Holbrooke, another old Balkan hand and a key Kerry foreign-policy advisor, called the proposal "another example of the Administration's unilateralism" that would weaken U.S. traditional ties with her closest allies. "The Germans are very unhappy about these withdrawals," he said, and "the Koreans are going to be equally unhappy." Kerry voiced his own opposition: "[I]t needs to be done at the right time and in a sensible way; this is not that time or that way."

Such objections fit in with Kerry's stated support for a "multilateral cooperative tradition of democratic internationalism." They imply that it is the legitimate business of the U.S. government to keep Germans and Koreans happy, no doubt in line with Kerry's view, stated some years ago, that "America has taken a rare step in human history in arguing that its interests and the world's are one." President Bush would do well to respond to this idiocy by asking whether Holbrooke and Kerry support increasing American military spending abroad to the point where not only Germans and Koreans but billions of other less-affluent people needing a handout from Uncle Sam will be made happy by having a thriving U.S. base next door.

When General Clark and Richard Holbrooke complain of "weakening ties with traditional allies," what they really mean is that President Bush's redeployment plan may weaken NATO as it is today and encourage the growth of the Eurocorps advocated by France. Both should happen, though, and the Evil Party's outcry shows yet again that whatever leading Democrats reject must be studied closely as an option, and in all probability adopted as policy.

The issue of bringing boys home from their foreign bases is an illustration of President Bush's broader ambivalence when it comes to world affairs. He is on the right track when he says that he wants to reduce American military strength abroad because maintaining expensive bases in Baden-Wurtemberg, or Seoul, makes no strategic or financial sense. He is wrong, however, to hesitate in making his plan more comprehensive and more rapid. The forces to be brought home should be redeveloped into a set of highly mobile contingents that can make a potent and swift response to any unexpected emergency in all corners of the world.

Those contingents do not need to be stationed abroad in order to be effective as a diplomatic trump card or a military deterrent. If all future "emergencies" are evaluated strictly on the basis of tangible and quantifiable American interests—as they should be—it is likely that a million G.I.'s, civilian employees, family members, and National Guard reservists, once they come home where they belong, will seldom be called upon to leave these shores. ·c

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FILM

Remembering the Alamo

by Wayne Allensworth

The Alamo

Produced by Todd Hallowell and Philip Steuer
Written by John Lee Hancock, Leslie Bohem, and Stephen Gaghan
Directed by John Lee Hancock
Distributed by Touchstone Pictures

The familiar mythic image of the Alamo was burned into my mind at an early age, augmented by legends told by my grandfather; pictures of my namesake, who died in combat in what everybody called "The War"; and celluloid images of Audie Murphy, Sergeant York, and Western heroes. What the Alamo meant to me was Texas herself—and the epic story of our people as a fighting nation, proud, stubborn, and free. The names Bowie, Travis, and Crockett became powerful spell words, conjuring up images of ancient heroes from an Homeric past, the three leading members of the Texas pantheon, the embodiment of all those who fell alongside them and of the qualities we most wanted to identify with as a people.

The Alamo is the foundation of Texan identity and a part of American folklore. All that came after—the cowboys, the Texas Rangers, the tall tales ("Everything's bigger in Texas!"), the pride that came with being a Texan—rests on the bloody foundation of that old mission. And the Texas identity is a reminder of the kind of patriotism that all Americans once had to one degree or another—Hoosiers, Buckeyes, Yankees, and Virginia cavaliers alike.

William Barrett Travis, commandant of the Alamo, addressed his famous letter of February 24, 1836, to "the People of Texas" and "All Americans in the World." The Alamo, occupied and fortified by the Texans, was besieged by Santa Ana's army, marching under the pirate flag of no quarter for a defeated enemy. Travis wrote that he had answered "with a cannon shot" and vowed "never to surrender or retreat." He called for aid in the name of "Liberty, of patriotism, and everything dear to the American character." Failing that, the young firebrand (he was 26) of the Texas Revolution announced that he was prepared to "die like a soldier . . . VICTORY OR DEATH."

Travis, as Texas historian T.R. Fehrenbach wrote in his classic popular narrative *Lone Star*, "was one of those most fortunate of men," for "on the grim stone walls of the Alamo," "Buck" Travis had "found his time and place." Like many of the men he fought alongside, Travis believed in destiny and "rode to the scent of trouble." The Alamo defenders had a sense of loyalty to their people and to one another. Along with the challenge from Santa Ana's "blood red flag" and sheer warrior "exaltation," that sense of loyalty "held them fast." They were headstrong, willful, and some of them were killers (but not murderers), adventurers who fought as paladins, each staking out a section of the wall to defend against a determined foe.

The Alamo fell in a ghastly blaze of blood and glory on March 6, 1836.

In recent decades, Bowie's slave running (more than his land swindling), the fact that Travis owned a slave (Joe, among the Alamo survivors), and Crockett's Indian fighting, together with a deracinated America's attraction to the alien, have made the Alamo defenders less and less acceptable as popular heroes, evident in the way the battle has been treated in popular culture.

The Alamo myth, of course, has long been colored by the romanticism of the age in which the real Travis, Bowie, and Crockett lived—legends of Travis drawing the line in the sand, of the defenders offering themselves as a willing sacrifice (they did make a sacrifice, but none came to the Alamo to die), stories of Travis dispatching a Mexican general with his sword as he fell with a mortal wound. These reflected the sensibilities of the age of Byron and Walter Scott, as did the high-flying language of Travis's letters.

Crockett, who preferred to be called "David," had mastered the style of the frontier tall tale, creating "Davy," his mythical alter ego, as a larger-than-life figure in a tradition that produced American versions of ancient heroes, including Paul Bunyan, Mike Fink, Pecos Bill, and the protagonists of many a dime novel. "Davy" Crockett could "grin" a bear to death, ride a cyclone, and shoot the eye out of a high-flying bird with his trusty rifle, "Betsy."

In his masterful *Three Roads to the Alamo*, William C. Davis connects the Crockett of legend with the Trickster of ancient folktales, making him a descendant of Robin Hood (among others), combining mischievous humor with a sense of justice, defending the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich. The tradition suited David, who found his political support as a congressman among the hunter/squatters of West Tennessee.

Jim Bowie, too, was a legendary figure, sometimes taking on the cloak of the Trickster, simultaneously a Good Samaritan and an invincible gambler, "winning back small fortunes for dupes unwittingly cheated at cards." However, it was Bowie's reputation as a fighting man that spread his fame on the violent frontier, a reputation secured by his participation in the Sand Bar fight, the most famous frontier brawl of the era. From his actual brawling grew the legends of Bowie as frontier warrior/hero—a prototype for the gunfighter legends that would follow as the six-gun replaced the bowie knife as the weapon of the frontier duelist. The Jim Bowie of legend was not, in some ways, so far from the James Bowie of life: "fearless, quick to fight, yet a defender of the weak."

The Texas myth lived on into the 20th century in countless "horse operas," as well as in later versions of the Alamo legend, including Disney's portrayal of Crockett as "King of the Wild Frontier" and John Wayne's 1960 film, *The Alamo*. By the mid 60's, however, the gunfighters of legend were losing out in Hollywood to antiheroes patterned after Clint Eastwood's "Man With No Name," an amoral Terminator who would kill for a few dollars more, while Arthur Penn's *Little Big Man* made a hash of the Custer legend, foreshadowing what would become of the Alamo heroes in later decades.

Since then, depictions of the Alamo heroes have stubbornly attacked the myth, replacing portrayals of Travis as Texas' Patrick Henry, of Crockett as "Davy,"

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and Bowie as a precursor of the cowboy/gunman with an image that distorts historical fact as much as the romanticism of the 1830's did, while undermining popular patriotism. As portrayed by the antilegend, Travis was a reckless and greedy slave master; Bowie, an evil capitalist criminal; and Crockett, another Dead White Male who helped steal the continent from its rightful owners. The antilegend was on prominent display at a recent exhibit in San Antonio, which highlighted the work of Ramon Vasquez y Sanchez, a native-born U.S. citizen who resides in the "Alamo City." Vasquez's painting *Olvidate del Alamo* (*Forget the Alamo*) was part of an exhibit entitled "The Alamo: The Mexican-American Experience."

It is no surprise, then, that Texas patriots were concerned that a Disney production of the Alamo story would repeat the antilegend. It might well have been so, if not for the replacement of Ron Howard as the film's director by Texan John Lee Hancock, who recently scored a surprise hit with *The Rookie*. Hancock saw big-name talent drop out of the production, had his budget slashed, and was forced to cut his film from a running time of 180 minutes to 137 minutes, missing its scheduled Christmas release. The "buzz" on *The Alamo* was overwhelmingly negative as a consequence, which may have contributed to the studio's half-hearted publicity build-up for the film. Perhaps more importantly, Hancock's film does not deliver either the special-effects-driven rush of today's action pictures nor the graphic violence audiences have come to expect. *The Alamo* flopped at the box office.

Nevertheless, the film successfully presents as historically accurate a portrayal of the Alamo battle as a popular film is likely capable of, reconciling the real Travis, Bowie, and Crockett with the myth. Hancock attempts to use historical accuracy in the service of patriotism: He has obviously read Davis and other contemporary historians, as well as Stephen Harrigan's 2000 novel, *The Gates of the Alamo*, a somewhat-less-sympathetic portrayal of the Alamo heroes that nevertheless has the Texan defenders coming off better that the Mexican attackers, especially the dictator Santa Ana, portrayed in Hancock's film by Emilio Echevarria as the villain the Mexican strongman undoubtedly was.

In Hancock's film, Travis finally gets credit for being a forceful commander, winning the respect and loyalty of the Alamo garrison as Bowie, his co-commander, falls ill. Jason Patric, who conveys the aura of menace associated with Bowie, is nevertheless too streamlined and urban in appearance for the 19th-century knife fighter, but Patrick Wilson as Travis seems a good fit as the educated frontier firebrand. It is Billy Bob Thornton as Crockett who steals the show, however. The gregarious Billy Bob, with his Appalachia South accent, was made to play Crockett, whom Hancock envisions as a man troubled by the legend that has overtaken him. (In fact, Crockett was sometimes irritated by the comic superhero image he had invented.)

Crockett, like Travis and Bowie, had come to Texas to get a fresh start, his political career in a shambles after an election loss. As portrayed by Thornton, Crockett had also decided to live up to his legend. "David Crockett might drop over these walls and take his chances," he says. The Davy Crockett of legend, however, cannot: "People expect things . . . I've been on these walls all my life," he tells the ailing Bowie. Some conservative critics of the film have attacked Hancock's portrayal of Crockett's death: Crockett (as some historical sources claim) is taken alive, bravely dying on the orders of Santa Ana with a characteristic wisecrack—"If your whole army surrenders to me, I'll try to see that my friend Sam Houston goes easy on you." The critics no doubt see the scene as an echo of the antilegend, which has done much to undermine the heroic version of the battle. The attacks are misguided, though understandable. Crockett's heroism is not diminished in this version of the Alamo story.

Hancock's *The Alamo* proves that the antilegend can be countered. The truth supports the myth: That the Alamo defenders were heroes was proved by the very fact of their presence in the doomed mission on March 6, 1836. Myths are not conjured out of thin air but have as their basis something real, a core of truth. Without Buck Travis's historic stand at the Alamo, there would be no Patrick Henry image for the fallen lawyer. Without Crockett's decision to serve as a "high private" on the walls of the old mission, there would have been no "Davy" for the 20th and 21st centuries. Without the fact of Bowie's fighting spirit, there could be no legend of the Trickster-turned-frontier-avenger. And without the Alamo, both of fact and of legend, there could be no Texas. In his fine 1961 version of the Alamo story, *A Time to Stand*, Walter Lord recorded some very wise words: "'You know,' the old Texan gently admonished, 'legend is often truer than history and always more lasting.'" So remember the Alamo of fact and, yes, the Alamo of legend. Either is something we can be proud of.

Wayne Allensworth writes from Keller, Texas.

INTELLIGENCE

No Political Pressure?

by Margie Burns

That the intelligence community (IC) misrepresented evidence suggesting that Iraq was harboring WMD's cannot be denied. To what extent was this misrepresentation politically motivated? "The Committee found no evidence that the IC's mischaracterization or exaggeration of the intelligence on Iraq's weapons of mass destruction (WMD) capabilities was the result of political pressure."

In this statement, the Senate Intelligence Committee implies that the CIA's failures were its own fault and not the result of pressure from the Bush administration. The second conclusion is false.

Take the story floating around that Iraq had attempted to buy tons of yellowcake (unenriched uranium) from the African nation of Niger. This story led to former ambassador Joseph Wilson's trip to Niger, his subsequent criticisms of the administration, pundit Robert Novak's outing of Wilson's wife as a CIA operative, and current investigations into the leak, with Novak and George W. Bush among those hiring lawyers.

The IC says that it first saw reporting on the alleged Niger-Iraq deal on October 15, 2001, and considered the report very limited and lacking in detail. Only the CIA wrote up a report about it, three days later, in a Senior Executive Intelligence Brief. On November 20, 2001, the U.S. embassy in Niger cabled that Niger's French-led mining consortium said "there was no possibility" that Niger had diverted uranium.

On February 5, 2002, however, the CIA produced another report on the Niger-aluminum topic, using the same "for-

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eign service" as its source. A week later, the DIA produced a report based on the same information, which "did not include any judgments about the credibility of the reporting." Here, according to the Senate Intelligence Committee's report, is the "Niger" chronology.

"After reading the DIA report, the Vice President asked his morning briefer for the CIA's analysis of the issue." The CIA reported back that "information on the alleged uranium contract between Iraq and Niger comes exclusively from a foreign government service report that lacks crucial details" and also noted the contradiction by the U.S. embassy and the fact that Niger's uranium mining was controlled by France.

"In response to questions from the Vice President's Office," intelligence officials then began discussing how they could get more information and "decided to contact [Joe Wilson] a former ambassador to Gabon who had a posting early in his career in Niger."

On February 18, 2002, the U.S. embassy in Niger cabled that uranium sales warranted a "hard look" but also pointed out that "the purported 4,000-ton annual production listed is fully 1,000 tons more than the mining companies claim to have produced in 2001."

> On March 1, 2002, INR [the Bureau of Investigation and Research] published an intelligence assessment, *Niger: Sale of Uranium to Iraq Is Unlikely*. The INR analyst who drafted the assessment [said] that he had been told that the piece was in response to interest from the Vice President's office in the alleged Iraq-Niger uranium deal.

"In early March 2002, the Vice President asked his morning briefer for an update on the Niger uranium issue." The update noted, among other items, that Joe Wilson would soon be debriefed; he was debriefed later that day. Wilson himself told the committee that he believed that the Vice President would normally get "a direct response to his question about the possible uranium deal."

> Because CIA analysts did not believe that the report added any new information to clarify the issue, they did not use the report to produce any further analytical products or highlight the report for policymakers. For the same reason, CIA's briefer did not brief the Vice President on the issue, despite the Vice President's previous questions about the issue.

No obvious signs of political pressure there.

In May, June, July, August, and September 2002, five documents were produced pertaining to Iraq WMD's. An embassy cable in June and a CIA paper in August did not allege an Iraq-Niger uranium connection. A CIA briefing book in May, a DOE intelligence product in July, and a DIA intelligence assessment in September, however, included it. The DOE document noted caveats.

According to the White House, on September 11, 2002, National Security Council (NSC) staff contacted the CIA to clear language about Iraqi attempts to purchase uranium, for a speech by President Bush. "The President never used the approved language publicly."

On September 24, 2002, the British published a White Paper stating that "there is intelligence that Iraq has sought the supply of significant quantities of uranium from Africa."

On the same day, according to the White House, the NSC asked the CIA "to clear another statement for use by the President" about uranium. "The President did not use the cleared language publicly."

There are differing recollections from the CIA and the NSC regarding language for use in a speech. A CIA analyst recalled telling the White House to remove uranium language from a speech, then being told by someone in the NSC that doing so would leave the British "flapping in the wind"; the NSC staffer contradicted or did not recall both statements.

Now this could not be interpreted as political pressure, especially since, at about the same time (mid-September 2002), the Senate Committee on Intelligence requested a National Intelligence Estimate (NIE) on Iraq WMD's from the intelligence community. According to the report, "Committee Members expressed concerns that they would be expected to vote on an Iraq Resolution shortly and had no NIE on which to base their vote."

The next day, George Tenet ordered that drafting of the NIE begin. And, "At the NIE coordination meeting, the only analyst who voiced disagreement with the uranium section was an INR analyst"; the other agencies went along with the uranium story, by and large, with INR's objections included in a text box that mistakenly ended up separated from the uranium section of the NIE by 60 pages.

No signs of pressure in haste, conformity, or critical mistakes at the last minute, are there?

The NIE, including the dubious uranium language, was published on October 1, 2002.

On October 4, 2002, the CIA published an unclassified White Paper on Iraq's WMD programs that "did not include text on Iraqi attempts to acquire uranium from Africa." However, that same month, the CIA also published a classified Iraq handbook that did suggest "Iraq may be trying to acquire 500 tons of uranium" from Niger. (If you don't like their position, wait a day . . .)

Also on October 4, the NSC sent over its sixth draft of a speech for use by the President in Cincinnati, again to get language about Iraq and uranium cleared. Concerns about the language were expressed, according to testimony, in a meeting the next day.

Following that meeting, the CIA official coordinating the speech faxed Deputy National Security Advisor Stephen Hadley and White House speechwriters a memo suggesting that the sentence be removed. Later that same day, the NSC sent over the seventh draft of the Cincinnati speech, which still included the uranium language.

On October 6, the CIA official who saw the draft noticed that the uranium information "had not been addressed," so he called Tenet, who called Hadley directly "to outline the CIA's concerns." "The NSC then removed the uranium reference from the draft of the speech."

The next day, President Bush's speech in Cincinnati omitted mention of uranium. However, the White House had sent a draft paper entitled "A Grave and Gathering Danger" to the CIA, which again included the uranium suggestion—which, again, was nixed by the CIA. "The White House did not publish the paper."

Two days later (October 9), forged documents surfaced in Rome "pertaining to the alleged Iraq-Niger uranium transaction." On October 11, the U.S. embassy in Rome reported that it had obtained photocopies of the documents and had passed them on to the CIA. (The CIA did not acquire copies of the forgeries until January 16, 2003.)

The INR Iraq analyst noticed imme-

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diately that the documents looked dubious. At an October 16 meeting, the INR made copies available to the other analysts. "None of the four CIA representatives recall picking up the documents, however . . . copies of the documents were found in the [CIA] vault."

On December 17, intelligence analysts produced a paper responding to Iraq's U.N. report on disclosure and mentioning uranium, without including the INR's "well-known alternative views."

On December 18, the State Department requested a "fact sheet" to respond to Iraq's disclosure to the U.N. about WMD's, to be published after Ambassador John Negroponte delivered a speech to the U.N. Security Council the next morning.

Later that day, a nonproliferation special assistant drafted the fact sheet and sent it to the intelligence community; its mention of uranium was neither discussed nor eliminated. The draft was based on a draft of Ambassador Negroponte's speech.

According to the Senate Intelligence Committee's report, "Separately, the NSC staff coordinated the Negroponte speech directly with the [analyst,] and he recommended that 'Niger' be replaced with 'Africa' in the speech." The CIA had obviously stopped fighting off the uranium allegation by this stage and had confined itself to broadening the language, making it harder to refute.

In a behind-the-scenes rush, the INR did note its caveats to the language of the speech draft but was not told about a deadline; recommended changes did not make their way into Ambassador Negroponte's speech. The "fact sheet" containing the uranium allegation was posted on the State Department's website.

On December 24, "the Nigerian Prime Minister declared publicly that Niger had not sold uranium to Iraq and had not been approached since he took office in 2000."

Then, "On January 13, 2003, the INR Iraq nuclear analyst sent an e-mail to several IC analysts outlining his reasoning why 'the uranium purchase agreement probably is a hoax.'"

On January 15, 13 days before the President's State of the Union Address, CIA analysts again suggested mentioning "Africa," in "A Grave and Gathering Danger," from the White House. The paper was never published.

On January 17, 11 days before the speech, the analysts published a paper for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, mentioning uranium.

On January 20, President Bush submitted a report to Congress about Iraq's WMD noncompliance, mentioning uranium. "The CIA and the White House have told Committee staff that the IC did not coordinate on this draft." In the same days, the IC was again being pressed by the NSC for additional details on Saddam's alleged WMD's.

On January 24, the DIA provided a background paper—with uranium included—to the Office of the Secretary of Defense/International Security Affairs. On January 26, Secretary of State Colin Powell gave a speech at the World Economic Forum, asking why Saddam was still trying to purchase uranium. Powell's February speech to the United Nations, however, did not include uranium.

"On January 27, 2003, the DCI was provided with a hardcopy draft of the State of the Union address at an NSC meeting" to vet, one day before the speech. George Tenet testified in July 2003, that he never read the speech; no one recalls who the contact person for the speech was—if there was one.

There was at least one phone conversation between the NSC and the intelligence analysts about the uranium language, but no one can remember who initiated the call, and there are disagreements about the draft's wording.

On January 28, 2003, President Bush delivered his State of the Union Address, including the uranium reference but attributing it to the British, and referring to "Africa" rather than to "Niger."

The chronology even of the skimpy "Niger uranium" allegations shows what Bush and his administration did: Repeatedly, and at every juncture, they used the bully pulpit of the White House to pressure the intelligence community. The tactic is simple, if ham-handed: Just make your assertions public; then, the intelligence agencies can either back up their President or expose him.

Margie Burns is a freelance writer who lives in Cheverly, Maryland.

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DEMOCRACY

Democracy for Whom?

by Doug Bandow

With the peace in Iraq proving as messy as the war, the Bush administration has spent a year desperately trying to get other countries to send troops for occupation duty. Brazil, Egypt, and India said no; Japan temporized, before sending in 550 soldiers for "humanitarian" duty. The kidnapping of one Filipino truck driver caused the Philippines to withdraw 56 soldiers in a rush. In August, Thailand began pulling out her small contingent.

Notably, no Muslim nation—outside of minuscule Albania, which sent in forces with no equipment—has sent troops to patrol Iraq. Pakistan, with jihadists active in its western provinces and multiple assassination attacks on President Pervez Musharraf, said no. A Saudi initiative went nowhere. And Turkey, with one of the largest and perhaps the most competent militaries in the region (outside of Israel), is a source of contract trucking services, nothing more.

It is surprising that an administration supposedly full of adults has proved so ineffective in enlisting allied support. It is bad enough to jump into an unnecessary war; to bungle the peace at every turn, however, is almost criminal.

Last fall, Secretary of State Colin Powell went calling in Turkey. After much hemming and hawing, and Washington's approval of $8.5 billion in loans in September 2003, the Erdogan government recommended a dispatch of as many as 10,000 soldiers. Parliament then said yes, despite strong popular opposition. Then came difficult negotiations over turning Ankara's promise into boots on the ground. In the end, Iraqi opposition derailed the plan.

Alas, along the way, Washington found that it had to pay a high price for Turkish help. Ankara has a keen sense of Turkish national interests. That is why it has long treated its Kurds with brutality approaching that used by Saddam Hussein in Iraq. In fact, after Washington's victory, Turkey dispatched special forces to the city of Kirkut in U.S.-occupied Iraq to assassinate the Kurdish interim gover-

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nor. Turkey denied the plot after Washington captured (and eventually released) 11 Turkish soldiers.

Nonetheless, the Bush administration reportedly promised to suppress the Kurdistan Workers Party, which has long fought for ethnic autonomy. In Turkey's view, that means military action, if necessary: Washington would have to enter a guerrilla war that has cost nearly 40,000 lives over the last two decades and reverse its position of backing Kurdish autonomy under Saddam Hussein.

In short, Turkey—no less than, say, France—wanted to constrain America's options. The Turks just weren't as obvious about doing so.

Moreover, it was not clear that Turkish troops would actually have helped stabilize Iraq. The U.S.-appointed Iraqi Governing Council objected to the plan, and Kurdish leaders threatened to fight if Turkish soldiers were lodged in the north. In turn, Ankara threatened to respond sharply to any attacks on its forces, which would further inflame hostility. (Kurds understandably see little difference between oppressive Turkish and Iraqi rule.)

That Washington did not make sure everyone was in agreement before publicly pushing for the Turkish deployment is evidence of incredible ignorance or incompetence—or both.

The issue also brought into sharp relief the tension surrounding U.S. support for democracy around the world. The interim Iraqi Governing Council opposed the presence of Turkish troops. What if the permanent elected government rejects the presence of American forces and bases?

The Bush administration's rhetoric suggests that it should live with that result. In practice, however, Washington seems much less enthusiastic about the results of democracy.

In 2002, Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz cited Turkey as "a model for the Muslim world's aspirations for democratic progress and prosperity." He went on to add that "What is fundamental is Turkey's democratic character."

Yet the United States has not been very happy with the results of Turkish democracy. Negotiations between America and Turkey over aid in the war against Iraq took on the appearance of haggling over a carpet at Istanbul's Grand Bazaar. Turkey demanded lots of cash to let America open a second front against Iraq. Washington demanded a discount before saying yes.

Then the unexpected happened. Turkey's ruling party split, while the opposition stood firm against Washington's plans. In parliament, the measure won a majority of those voting, but not the required absolute majority.

As a proponent of democracy, Washington should have been understanding. Instead, for a moment, Turkey joined France on America's least-liked list. Congress threatened to cut off aid; the Bush administration complained because civilians had made the decision.

Indeed, Deputy Secretary Wolfowitz made the rather astounding assertion that the military did not play "a leadership role" on the issue. The fact that the vast majority of the Turkish population opposed the war did not matter.

The problem, in Wolfowitz's view, was that the military should have said that "it was in Turkey's interest to support the United States" in Iraq. However, members of parliament were hardly unaware of the stakes. They knew that billions of dollars in ill-disguised bribes hung in the balance.

Wolfowitz stated: "I'm not suggesting that [the military] get involved in politics at all." But what else could have been the implication of his remarks for a country where the military has formally overthrown and more often maneuvered to pressure democratically elected governments and dismantle popular political parties?

Turkey's military has long played a leadership role in that country. Yet, while the Bush administration wants the military to play a larger role in making Turkish policy, Turkey's parliament last year approved a measure reducing the military's control of the National Security Council, which influences most domestic as well as foreign-policy decisions. The NSC will have a reduced role, and its secretary general will be nominated by the prime minister rather than by the chief of the Turkish General Staff; Ankara recently installed the first civilian in that position. Moreover, legislators will be able to review the defense budget, once the military's exclusive prerogative. Such reforms are necessary if Ankara hopes to join the European Union, but they are also likely to transform Turkish politics.

Washington should step carefully. Omer Taspinar, a visiting fellow at the Saban Center for Middle East Policy, warns, "the current mood in Turkey is still very anti-American." Appearing to range itself against the democratization of Turkish life could only worsen Washington's image.

The Bush administration's ambivalence toward democracy is evident in its attitude toward other U.S. allies. For instance, Pakistan's Musharraf took power in a coup and conducted fixed elections to provide a veneer of respectability. However, Wolfowitz told the *New York Times* in 2002, Musharraf has "shown an impressive level of fortitude in facing" down Muslim extremism. Indeed, "No leader has taken greater risks in the struggle against terrorism," Wolfowitz added. Musharraf's willingness to ignore popular sentiments was "good for him and his country as well as for us and our country."

That might be the case. But obviously Pakistan is a country where the United States does not value genuine democracy, and especially "popular sentiments." As a result, "The Pakistanis are doing everything they can" to cooperate against Islamic terrorism, said Wolfowitz. In fact, that is not obviously true. Musharraf seems to be playing both sides of the street, although Karachi is certainly more helpful today than it was before September 11. There is nothing wrong with emphasizing Musharraf's willingness to cooperate. It does come at a cost, however, undercutting those democratic values that Wolfowitz and the rest of the Bush administration claim to support.

Does the Bush administration like democracy abroad? Turkey, Wolfowitz proclaimed in 2002, "changes its leaders at the ballot box." That is how a moderate Islamic government came to power and a democratically elected Islamic parliament came to reject America's request for military aid in the war in Iraq. This is why the Bush administration's push for the Turkish military to play "a leadership role" risked damaging a democracy that is supposed to be "a model for the Muslim world."

Throughout the Middle East, and especially in Iraq, Washington must decide whether it values indigenous democracy or geopolitical support more. The choice is not easy, but America's experience with countries ranging from Egypt to Pakistan—and especially Turkey—demonstrates that it is a choice that, unfortunately, must often be made.

Doug Bandow is a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and a former special assistant to President Reagan.

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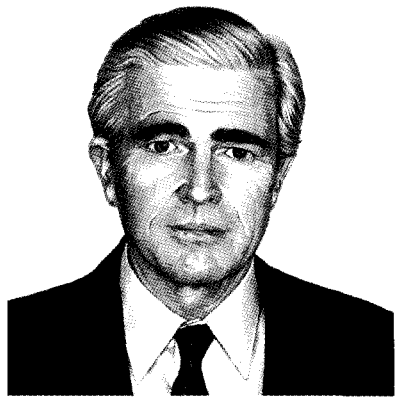
by George McCartney

What's the Big Idea?



The Village
Produced by Touchstone and Blinding Edge Pictures
Written and directed by M. Night Shyamalan
Distributed by Buena Vista Pictures

The Manchurian Candidate
Produced and distributed by Paramount Pictures
Directed by Jonathan Demme
Screenplay by Daniel Pyne from the novel by Richard Condon
George Axelrod (1962 screenplay)

María, Full of Grace
(María, llena eres de gracia)
Produced by HBO Films
Written and directed by Joshua Marston
Distributed by Fine Line Features

Idea films are ungainly creatures. Their ambitions may be noble, but a misstep or two sends them toppling before our embarrassed eyes, as M. Night Shyamalan's latest illustrates.

In *The Village*, Shyamalan has returned to the big idea that has preoccupied him in the past: the problem of evil. His earlier films asked why pain, suffering, death, and destruction are permitted in a world that is supposed to be good. *The Village* looks at this theme from the other direction. What happens to people who try to live within a cloistered innocence? With an excessively allegorical exposition, Shyamalan tells the tale of a late-19th-century village led by elders who have declared the surrounding forest off-limits to its residents. The woods, they warn, are filled with creatures too horrid to name. They are "those we do not speak of."

Much has been made of the film's surprise ending, but anyone familiar with the classic literary opposition of town and woods, city and jungle will see where this story is going long before its denouement. Nathaniel Hawthorne's tale "Young Goodman Brown" is a perfect instance. Brown was a 17th-century Puritan living in a New England village surrounded by a foreboding forest. The tension of Hawthorne's narrative is between the sunny, orderly village and the dark, seductively tangled woods. One evening, Brown finds he can no longer resist the adventure beckoning from the unexplored woods. He enters their pathless dark, determined to return to the fenced safety of the town by daybreak. What he discovers on his journey, however, makes this morally impossible.

The elders of Shyamalan's village have decided not to make Brown's mistake. By erecting a *cordon sanitaire* between themselves and the forest, they have made their world a predictable, nearly hazard-free zone. Their youngsters, however, are growing restless. They have devised a game of standing at the woodland perimeter at night, deliberately risking encounters with "those we do not speak of." Others pick berries of the "color we do not speak of." That's red, of course. (Can you spell repression?) Only the vivacious Ivy (Bryce Dallas Howard, in a remarkable debut) can see through to the hidden truth behind the dourly proper appearances of things. This is because she is blind. Shyamalan's didactic moralism is that heavy. That his film has done as well as it has commercially is a tribute to his extraordinary visual gifts. He has an uncanny way with the camera. He can fill his quietest scenes with dread and then startle you with flash editing that has few cinematic precedents. No director in the business can unnerve an audience quite so thoroughly.

As Alfred Hitchcock did, Shyamalan signs his films by giving himself walk-on cameos. I wish he would borrow another signature strategy from the master: Hitchcock always relied on others to write his scripts. He understood his role, and that was to invest his projects with his unique cinematic imagination. Shyamalan should follow suit, for his literary gift is as slender as his cinematic talent is enormous.

Despite his denials, there can be no doubt that director Jonathan Demme has invested *The Manchurian Candidate* with a big idea: America is in danger of becoming a fascist state. Why not admit it? Wasn't this Richard Condon's theme when he first published his novel in 1959? And didn't it compel John Frankenheimer to bring it to the screen in 1962? Does Demme fear being accused of electioneering in this presidential year?

Condon's narrative concerns an assassination plot designed to install a useful stooge in the White House. To bring off this clandestine coup, Raymond Shaw, a wealthy young lieutenant in the Korean War, is turned into a lethal automaton by Russian and Chinese scientists after his Korean guide leads his patrol into an ambush. What gave the novel its special kick was that the communists turn out to be in league with American right-wing opportunists—Shaw's mother chief among them—bent on wresting control of America for themselves. Condon's point was that, wittingly or not, the anticommunist right was a natural ally of the communist left. His premise certainly had merit. The hysterical fear-mongering engaged in by Joseph McCarthy and various members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities had succeeded in making anticommunism a term of derision by the end of the 50's. Consequently, thoughtful anticommunist voices on both the left and the right were all but silenced until the 80's, their arguments gutted of credibility before they were given a hearing.

Condon's novel and Frankenheimer's film both had the bad good fortune to have been imitated by real events. John F. Kennedy would be assassinated in 1963 by Lee Harvey Oswald, a man who seemed quite possibly a programmed catspaw. The apparent similarities between fact and fiction have bestowed on the novel and its adaptation a mystique that has rendered them virtually critic-

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proof. In truth, neither is as remarkable as some would have us believe. Condon was a smart-aleck who thought himself a satirist. He enjoyed sneering at his subjects rather than dramatically examining them. Frankenheimer's adaptation is an ungainly balance of surreal satire and conventional espionage thriller. Laurence Harvey gives an adequate performance as Shaw, a man doubly deformed, first by his Oedipal relationship with his monstrous mother and then by the brainwashing Chinese. Playing Shaw's captain, Ben Marco, Frank Sinatra seems to have stopped off at the set now and then on his lounge rounds. Only Angela Lansbury and James Gregory truly shine. Lansbury makes a formidably hard-eyed matron capable of sacrificing her son to her political ambitions. Gregory is her husband, the bibulous senator who loudly declares that there are exactly 57 card-carrying communists in the Department of Defense, using a number his wife steals from a Heinz Ketchup label. (A prescient reference to Teresa Heinz's political ambitions?)

To update this material, Demme has made Shaw (Liev Schreiber) and Marco (Denzel Washington) veterans of the Gulf War, in which they were captured not by the commies but by mercenaries deployed by a multinational corporation called Manchurian Global. As in the original, they are brainwashed but, this time, with the aid of computer-chip implants. They are made to believe they survived an enemy attack thanks to Shaw's nearly single-handed valor. Conniving in the plot, his senator mom (Meryl Streep) parlays his supposed heroism into a successful political career. She rationalizes her complicity with her son's conditioners by telling herself that they have made him "even more like himself," by which she means more like herself, an ambition-driven harpy willing to maim and murder for power.

The similarities between Haliburton and Manchurian Global are made clear in the fictitious corporation's slogans: "We must secure tomorrow today," a mission to be pursued with "compassionate vigilance." (How's that for blurring the line between fact and fiction?)

As entertainment, Demme's not-so-stealth attack on Bush and company is fleet, witty, and moderately suspenseful. And it is a pleasure to see Streep chew the scenery, literally. At one point, she insinuatingly crunches a pair of ice cubes between her malevolent molars.

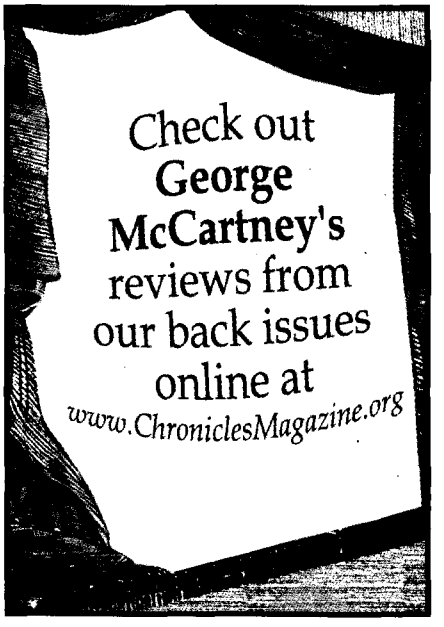
Joshua Marston's big idea in *Maria, Full of Grace* is announced in the film's ad campaign, which displays his eponymous heroine receiving what seems, at first, to be a Communion Host. Actually, it is an ironically doctored still from the film showing us Maria, a working-class Colombian girl, becoming a mule, drug slang for a person desperate enough to swallow latex pellets filled with narcotics and bring them into the United States. Marston wants us to know that the poor of the Third World are desperate for earthly salvation and willing to go to sordid extremes to achieve it—not exactly news, but he dramatizes his point with compelling urgency.

At 17, Maria lives in a small village outside Bogota with her mother, sister, and her sister's infant, all of whom she supports on the meager salary she makes in the local floral industry. To add to her woes, she has become pregnant, compliments of a boyfriend she neither loves nor respects. Male support is nowhere to be found in her dispirited community. Creeping industrialization has undermined its traditional rural culture and family structure.

With her thwarted yearnings, Maria makes a perfect mark for Colombia's drug criminals. Promised $100 per heroin pellet, she swallows 62 and flies to New York City. Once in America, however, things go awry. One of the other mules she is traveling with dies when the pellets that she is carrying burst inside her. The American thugs who are keeping the girls in a Newark motel until they pass the merchandise have no compunction about cutting the young woman open to get their goods. While they are disposing of the body, Maria escapes and makes her way to Jackson Heights, a Queens, New York, district known as Little Colombia for its concentration of immigrants, legal and illegal, from that bedeviled land. Here, she must face the uncomfortable consequences of her decisions.

There is much to admire in Marston's film, although, here and there, he has compromised its authenticity to ideological commitments that have more to do with his being an American than with the truth of Colombian peasant life. He has directed his amateur actress, Catalina Sandino Moreno, to play Maria as though she were a resourceful feminist heroine. This seems improbable. Women who go into muling are far more likely to be pathetically ignorant and easily controlled. Moreno, however, displays the kind of spunk and grit that have become *de rigueur* for American film heroines. In an uneducated girl from a dirt-poor South American village, such attributes seem rather fanciful.

Marston is a graduate of New York University's film school, where he no doubt studied Italian neorealism. His film gives every indication that he has striven to make another *Bicycle Thief*. Like that film's director, Vittorio DeSica, Marston has assembled a cast of nonprofessionals and shot his film on locations in natural light. Also like DeSica, he has managed to press realistic detail into symbolic service—the rose factory in which Maria works, for instance. While a real place of employment, it also serves as a powerful metaphor of class differences. Maria earns her paltry pay dethorning rose stems so wealthy customers can avoid one more of the many inconveniences so predictably visited upon the lower orders. Another scene suggests Maria's aspirations. After some nuzzling alongside the wall of a crumbling warehouse, her young boyfriend suggests that they go to her house to conclude their intimacies horizontally. In answer, she gazes upward at the building's roof. That is where she wants to go. With the aid of the broken brickwork and convenient window sills, she scales the wall and beckons him to follow. He does not want to make the effort, however. In neorealist fashion, Maria's climb signals her aspiration to something loftier than her boyfriend has ever entertained. This raises a question: Is Maria better off for climbing? Marston keeps properly mum on the issue, but we certainly should raise it. C



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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The Grave Robbers

From the dry wash where they sat in camp chairs beneath an improvised ramada built of box-elder poles with armloads of cut greasewood laid on top, they could just make out, through the brush that obscured the wash, the wide, shallow cave arched thinly across the enigmatic yellow face of the opposing sandstone cliff. Lance Barber turned his wrist over to read the time.

"The day's nearly shot already," he observed. "Night comes on before you know it down in these godforsaken canyons. It seems like it's always later than you think. Paquito—you have the gear packed up and set to go?"

"All ready, Dr. Barber," Paquito answered cheerfully. Paquito was always cheerful and bright; an agreeable boy, almost overeager to please.

"And don't use your headlamp until we get started climbing this evening. It's not a toy, and we can't afford to waste more batteries."

There were three of them beneath the ramada, waiting for dark: a man, a woman, and an Indian boy. Lance Barber, though he liked to describe himself as a grave robber, was actually an archaeologist who had conducted unauthorized diggings in the Mediterranean Basin, Chaldean Mesopotamia, and northeast Africa, where he had located a hitherto undiscovered Coptic Christian burial site, from which he had removed rare artifacts worth a large sum of money on the black market. A tall, lanky, sandy-haired, sun-reddened man with a long jaw and a wispy beard, he had little or no interest, anthropological or otherwise, in the cultures he casually and thoughtlessly violated; nor did he value them, except for the profit and—even more—the adventure they offered him. The woman, in her early forties, had been his mistress for nearly a year already: prematurely gray, with a mane striking and silken like a young blonde's, her silhouette was well proportioned and sweeping as an ocean liner's, her hazel eyes feline and searching. She had stayed with Lance Barber eleven months because he really was a nice man, though she understood he had no morals. He had no morals simply because he lacked imagination, moral or otherwise, although he had plenty of education. The boy, a Ute-Navajo of seventeen, had been hired off the reservation near Price by Barber, after being offered twice what the man calculated his knowledge of the backcountry made him worth and sworn to the strictest secrecy through an oath reinforced by a vague, yet unmistakable, threat. The lowering sun, glaring hot still beyond the isolated coolness under the ramada, had reached by late afternoon to the back wall of the cave, lighting the brick granaries and the ivory skulls behind them. Aligned in a seated position against the ochre rock streaked white with the guano of swallows and bats, the mummies faced blankly toward the wash from under the smoke-blackened overhang of the cave.

"A thousand years is a long time to sit staring at nothing," Lance Barber remarked.

"Maybe they're looking inward," Susan suggested, "like Buddha."

"Don't pay them no attention," Paquito protested. "Don't even talk about them, or they'll be coming round here to haunt us."

"I'll haunt you myself if you don't quit messing with that damn lamp," Barber told him. "When I was your age, I wasn't afraid of anything or anyone. In fact, I thought nothing and no one could hurt me. I was quite certain I was never going to die."

"I ain't scared of nothing, except *chindis*," the boy muttered. "Anyone has any sense is afraid of *chindis*."

"Are you saying I don't have sense?" Barber, amused rather than irritated, asked him.

"Don't pick on the boy, Lance," Susan said. "You have your way of thinking. He has his."

"I don't mean to pick on Paquito," Barber told her. "I just don't want him to panic when we climb up there and begin work tonight."

"I ain't going to panic," the boy promised. "I'm a Ute," he added, proudly.

"I don't expect you will," Barber finished. "There's not a thing in this world to be scared of. Except getting caught in here red-handed, of course."

A thousand years before, the long sandstone escarpment, dark with piñon and juniper forest, had sheltered several-dozen villages of Fremont Indians, cousins to the Anasazi farther south. A few hundred years later, the Indians were mysteriously gone, leaving their homes intact. Some centuries after, a white man, who had bought the vast tract of land to run cattle on, discovered one of the villages while running down a straggler that had strayed to the top of a steep, shovel-fronted cliff. For nearly half a century, the rancher guarded his secret carefully. But rumors had arisen concerning a major archaeological site so perfectly preserved that arrowheads lay around attached to their wooden shafts; so that the man, finding his hand forced, held a press conference at which he simultaneously announced the discovery itself and his transfer of the property deed to the state of Utah. The tribes, which had been entirely ignorant of the villages' existence, insisted that access should be restricted solely to Native American visitors. But with the state besieged by applications from archaeologists from around the country, it was already too late for that. The extreme remoteness of the site, approachable only by the rancher's primitive two-track road, made enforcement of the access laws a reasonably simple task. Lance Barber alone, it seemed, had refused to be discouraged. "You can't keep Lance out," he had promised Susan after reading the news story in the *New York Times*. Now, scarcely a month later, he'd made good on that promise.

Shadow pooled in the wash and rose against the surrounding cliffs as evening came on. The air grew suddenly chill, and the lowering sun seemed to draw life away with it, along with the light. The harsh green of the mesas dulled to flat black, and the glowing rock flared out and expired, leaving the canyon as cold and

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dead as a graveyard in winter. The Barber party ate a supper of tinned deviled ham, dried fruit, and nuts, and then Paquito, taking the gallon canteen with him, climbed out of the wash and hiked over to the spring for water. The birdsong that had started up at sundown ceased abruptly as he approached the box-elder grove where the water welled up through moss-covered rock surrounded by maidenhair fern. Paquito had risen from his knees beside the spring and was starting back to the ramada with the canteen slung on his shoulder when they all heard the airplane coming up fast over the canyon from behind the mesa. Barber and Susan saw the Indian look round over his shoulder, and then he simply wasn't there at all—vanished like a ghost in the gathering dark. When Paquito materialized again, his head barely showing above the greasewood, he was less than ten yards from the ramada and the plane, a twin-engine model, had been reduced to two winking lights receding rapidly between an invisible wingspan toward the distant escarpment.

"I don't think they saw me," Paquito hissed, as he set the dripping canteen in the dust.

"They weren't looking for you to begin with," Lance Barber assured him, clipping the holstered semiautomatic pistol to his belt. "There isn't a soul suspects we're around. Go ahead and fill the water bottles now, and we'll get started."

"It's going to storm again tonight," Paquito muttered. "I can smell it coming."

In the darkness, without benefit of the headlamps, they lugged the packs through the brush, across the canyon to the cliffside. The belaying stakes were already anchored in the brittle rock, fifty feet above their heads. Barber shouldered the largest and heaviest pack and rappelled rapidly to the floor of the cave. Susan followed slowly with the specimen bags folded over into an empty backpack; lastly, Paquito struggled up carrying the water bottles, a packet of sandwiches, and more tools. Barber assisted each of them over the water-smoothed lip until all three stood together, facing out from under the sandstone vault toward the night sky that seemed suddenly bright as daylight. There was a smell of primeval rock and bone-dry dust, compounded with the dung of bats and cliff swallows. When Paquito took hold of the packs to pull them back inside the cave, Lance Barber switched on his lamp to help him.

Susan made a sudden choking sound, and even Barber, seeing the line of figures ranged against the back wall, caught his breath. More skeletons than mummies, they sat surrounded by potsherds and corn cobs, scattered charcoal, metates, and a variety of stone tools. In the blue halogen light, the knobby skulls gleamed like porphyry above broken double rows of brown teeth.

"I'm sorry," Susan apologized. "I didn't mean to act like an amateur."

"It's truly something," Barber said in a hushed voice. "Hardly anything as pristine as this has been seen by white men since Weatherill's time."

"I don't like it," Paquito said. "I don't like it, at all."

"Relax, kid," Barber urged him. "Just a few hours and we'll be done with this place and on our way. Any *chindi* dumb enough to mess with us earns himself a dose of lead poisoning."

He and Susan inventoried the cave, selecting the most valuable artifacts that were easily portable. These they sealed in the plastic bags and stowed the bags carefully in the packs; when each was fully loaded, Paquito strapped it to his back and rappelled down to the canyon floor. Barber noticed that the boy kept as far as possible to the cliff edge, hardly venturing into the cave; also, that he worked with unusual speed and efficiency.

"Needs must when the devil drives," he joked to Susan.

"You don't believe in the devil," she answered him. "But I'm beginning to think I do."

They had been at work for nearly three hours when lightning began to flash along the Western horizon. Paquito called up to them above the roll of distant thunder to say that one of the packs had come undone and he was having difficulty refastening it, and Barber descended to help. He climbed back to the cave to find Susan standing as far away as she could get from the mummies, in a kind of grotto plastered with bats' nests.

"Look there," the woman said, pointing, as soon as his head lifted into view.

The skeleton at the end of the row of mummies was lying on its side in the dust and guano, staring at him from its fathomless eyes, its fixed grin unchanged.

"It fell over," she added in a trembling voice, "just like that. I never touched it, or anything. It just fell over."

Barber struggled to a standing position on the cave floor and regarded the mummy skeptically.

"It's been sitting there a thousand years," Susan went on, "and we've been here just three hours."

Lance Barber felt confused, and angry in his confusion.

"What of it?" he demanded. "Odd things happen at times, you know. I remember in Italy once—"

"That was Europe," she insisted, "the truly New World. This Old World has something different—something primeval, unimaginably darker, unutterably evil. Here, there's no patience, no comprehension, no forgiveness for what we're doing—don't you feel it, Lance? Can't you *understand*?"

A flash of lightning illuminated the cave just as Paquito's head emerged above the rimrock. "*O my Lord Jesus Christ!*" the boy exclaimed at the sight of the fallen-over mummy.

Lance Barber, swinging round, saw, in the beam of the headlamp, what he recognized as a second mummified face suspended in darkness below the overhang. He heard Susan's scream, but not the deafening rapid-fire shots, nor the thump of the Indian's body on the hardpan fifty feet below. Automatically, he reholstered the pistol, not forgetting to thumb the safety lever first.

Susan took her hands away from her face.

"What did you do it for?" she asked slowly.

Barber crossed to the back of the cave in four quick steps, seized the mummy by the shoulder, and pulled it roughly upright beside its fellows.

"He was going to report us to the authorities," he told her. "I've known it for days now."

Barber thought for one terrible moment she was going to laugh in his face; instead, Susan shook her head. "You killed him because you were afraid," she said.

He was old enough to know the futility of lying to women about two things: other women, and yourself. Lance Barber sat down on the granary nearest him and began to cry. In early manhood, he had come to terms at last with death. The fact that he must die, someday, was not what had hit him. Instead, the sudden, overwhelming realization that he was never going to live impelled him to draw his pistol for the second time in something like ninety seconds. But, once again, the woman was ahead of him, so that, before he could properly position the barrel behind his ear, the gun was gone from his hand and sailing out through the cave mouth into the black night beyond. ◁

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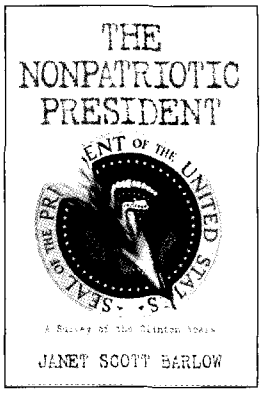

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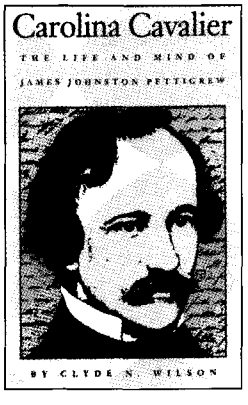

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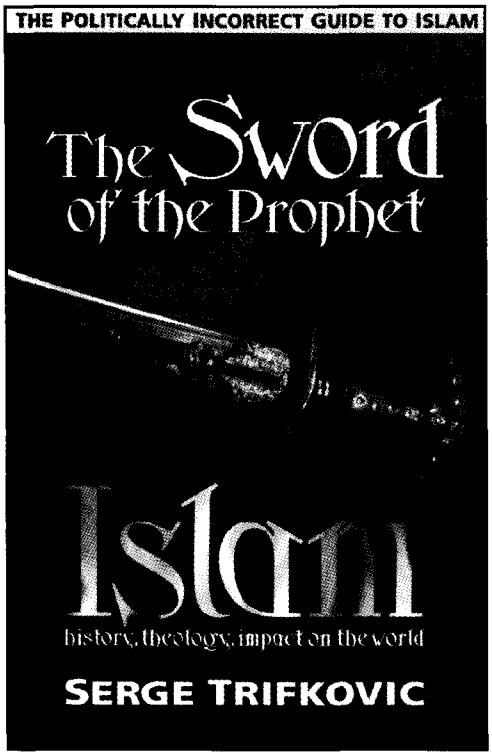
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